

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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VERY HARD CASH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

CHAPTER XLIV.

AFTER a defiance so bitter and deadly, Alfred naturally drew away from his inamorata. But she, boiling with love and hate, said bitterly, "We need not take Mr. Rooke into our secrets. Come, sir, your arm!"

He stuck it out ungraciously, and averted his head; she took it, suppressed with difficulty a petty desire to pinch, and so walked by his side; he was as much at his ease as if promenading jungles with a panther. She felt him quiver with repugnance under her soft hand; and prolonged the irritating contact. She walked very slowly, and told him with much meaning she was waiting for a signal. "Till then," said she, "we will keep one another company;" biting the word with her teeth as it went out.

By-and-by a window was opened in the asylum, and a tablecloth hung out. Mrs. Archbold pointed it out to Alfred; he stared at it; and after that she walked him rapidly home in silence. But, as soon as the door was double-locked on him, she whispered triumphantly in his ear:

"Your mother-in-law was expected to-day; that signal was to let me know she was gone."

"My mother-in-law!" cried the young man, and tried in vain to conceal his surprise and agitation.

"Ay; your mother-in-law, that shall never be: Mrs. Dodd."

"Mrs. Dodd here!" said Alfred, clasping his hands. Then he reflected, and said coolly: "It is false; what should she come here for?"

"To see your father-in-law."

"My father-in-law? What, is he here, too?" said Alfred, with an incredulous sneer.

"Yes, the raving maniac that calls himself Thompson, and that you took to from the first: he is your precious father-in-law—that shall never be."

Alfred was now utterly amazed, and bewildered. Mrs. Archbold eyed him in silent scorn.

"Poor man," said he, at last; and hung his head sorrowfully. "No wonder then his voice went so to my heart. How strange it all is! and how will it all end?"

"In your being a madman instead of an insolent fool," hissed the viper.

At this moment Beverley appeared at the end of the yard. Mrs. Archbold whistled him to her like a dog. He came running zealously. "Who was that called while I was out?" she inquired.

"A polite lady, madam: she said sir to me, and thanked me."

"That sounds like Mrs. Dodd," said the Archbold, quietly.

"Ah, but," continued Frank, "there was another with her: a beautiful young lady; oh, so beautiful!"

"Miss Julia Dodd," said the Archbold grimly.

Alfred panted, and his eyes roved wildly in search of a way to escape and follow her; she could not be far off.

"Anybody else, Frank?" inquired Mrs. Archbold.

"No more ladies, madam; but there was a young gentleman all in black; I think he was a clergyman; or a butler."

"Ah, that was her husband that is to be; that was Mr. Hurd. She can go nowhere without him, not even to see her old beau."

At these words, every one of them an adder, Alfred turned on her furiously, and his long arm shot out of its own accord, and the fingers opened like an eagle's claw. She saw, and understood, but never blenched. Her vindictive eye met his dilating flashing orbs unflinchingly.

"You pass for a woman," he said, "and I am too wretched for anger." He turned from her with a deep convulsive sob, and, almost staggering, leaned his brow against the wall of the house.

She had done what no man had as yet succeeded in; she had broken his spirit. And here a man would have left him alone. But the rejected beauty put her lips to his ear, and whispered into them: "This is only the beginning." Then she left him, and went to his room and stole all his paper, and pens, and ink, and his very Aristotle. He was to have no occupation now, except to brood, and brood, and brood.

As for Alfred, he sat down upon a bench in the yard, a broken man: up to this moment he had hoped his Julia was as constant as himself. But no; either she had heard he was mad, and with the universal credulity had believed it, or perhaps not hearing from him at all, believed herself forsaken; and was consoling herself with a clergyman. Jealousy did not as yet infuriate Alfred. Its first effect resembled that of a heavy blow.

Little Beverley found him actually sick, and ran to the Robin. The ex-prizefighter brought him a thimbleful of brandy: but he would not take it. "Ah no, my friends," he said, "that cannot cure me; it is not my stomach; it is my heart. Broken! broken!"

The Robin retired muttering. Little Beverley knelt down beside him, and kissed his hand with a devotion that savoured of the canine. Yet it was tender, and the sinking heart clung to it. "Oh, Frank!" he cried, "my Julia believes me mad, or thinks me false, or something, and she will marry another before I can get out to tell her all I have endured was for loving her. What shall I do? God protect my reason! What will become of me?"

He moaned, and young Frank sorrowed over him, till the harsh voice of Rooke summoned him to some menial duty. This discharged, he came running back; and sat on the bench beside his crushed benefactor without saying a word. At last he delivered this sapient speech: "I see. You want to get out of this place."

Alfred only sighed hopelessly.

"Then I must try and get you out," said Frank. Alfred shook his head.

"Just let me think," said Frank, solemnly; and he sat silent looking like a young owl: for thinking soon puzzled him, and elicited his intellectual weakness; whereas in a groove of duties he could go as smoothly as half the world, and but for his official, officious, Protector, might just as well have been Boots at the Swan, as Boots and Chambermaid at the Wolf.

So now force and cunning had declared war on Alfred, and feebleness in person enlisted in his defence. His adversary lost no time; that afternoon Rooke told him he was henceforth to occupy a double-bedded room with another patient.

"If he should be violent in the middle of the night, sing out, and we will come, if we hear you," said the keeper with a malicious smile.

The patient turned out to be the able seaman. Here Mrs. Archbold aimed a double stroke; to shake Alfred's nerves, and show him how very mad his proposed father-in-law was. She thought that, if he could once be forced to realise this, it might reconcile him to not marrying the daughter.

The first night David did get up and paraded an imaginary deck for four mortal hours. Alfred's sleep was broken; but he said nothing; and David turned in again, his watch completed.

Not a day passed now but a blow was struck. Nor was the victim passive; debarred writing materials, he cut the rims off several copies of the Times, and secreted them: then catching sight of some ink-blots on the back of Frank's clothes-brush, scraped them carefully off, melted them in a very little water, and with a toothpick scrawled his wrongs to the Commissioners; he rolled the slips round a half-crown, and wrote outside, "Good Christian, keep this half-crown, and take the writing to the Lunacy Commis-

sioners at Whitehall, for pity's sake." This done, he watched, and when nobody was looking flung his letter, so weighted, over the gates: he heard it fall on the public road.

Another day he secreted a spoonful of black currant preserve, diluted it with a little water, and wrote a letter, and threw it into the road as before: another day, hearing the Robin express disgust at the usage to which he was now subjected, he drew him apart, and offered him a hundred pounds to get him out. Now the ex-prizefighter was rather a tender-hearted fellow, and a great detester of foul play. What he saw made him now side heartily with Alfred; and all he wanted was to be indemnified for his risk.

He looked down and said, "You see, sir, I have a wife and child to think of."

Alfred offered him a hundred pounds.

"That is more than enough, sir," said the Robin; "but you see I can't do it alone. I must have a pal in it. Could you afford as much to Garrett? He is the likeliest; I've heard him say as much as that he was sick of the business."

Alfred jumped at the proposal: he would give them a hundred apiece.

"I'll sound him," said the Robin; "don't you speak to him, whatever. He might blow the gaff. I must begin by making him drunk: then he'll tell me his real mind."

One fine morning the house was made much cleaner than usual; the rotatory chair, in which they used to spin a maniac like a teetotum, the restraint chairs, and all the paraphernalia, were sent into the stable, and so disposed that, even if found, they would look like things scorned and dismissed from service: for Wolfe, mind you, professed the non-restraint system.

Alfred asked what was up, and found all this was in preparation for the quarterly visit of the Commissioners; a visit intended to be a surprise; but Drayton House always knew when they were coming, and the very names of the two thunderbolts that thought to surprise them.

Mrs. Archbold communicated her knowledge in off-hand terms. "It is only two old women; Bartlett and Terry."

The gentlemen thus flatteringly heralded arrived next day. One an aged, infirm man, with a grand benevolent head, bald front and silver hair, and the gold-headed cane of his youth, now a dignified crutch; the other an ordinary looking little chap enough: with this merit; he was what he looked. They had a long interview with Mrs. Archbold first, for fear they should carry a naked eye into the asylum; Mr. Bartlett, acting on instructions, very soon inquired about Alfred; Mrs. Archbold's face put on friendly concern directly. "I am sorry to say he is not so well as he was a fortnight ago; not nearly so well. We have given him walks in the country, too; but I regret to say they did him no real good; he came back much excited, and now he shuns the other patients, which he used not to do." In short she gave them the impression that Alfred was a moping melancholic.

"Well, I had better see him," said Mr. Bartlett, "just to satisfy the Board."

Alfred was accordingly sent for, and asked with an indifferent air how he was.

He said he was very well in health, but in sore distress of mind at his letters to the Commissioners being intercepted by Mrs. Archbold or Dr. Wolf.

Mrs. Archbold smiled pityingly. Mr. Bartlett caught her glance, and concluded this was one of the patient's delusions. (Formula.)

Alfred surprised the glances, and said, "You can hardly believe this, because the act is illegal. But a great many illegal acts, that you never detect, are done in asylums. However, it is not a question of surmise; I sent four letters in the regular way since I came. Here are their several dates. Pray make a note to inquire whether they have reached Whitehall or not."

"Oh, certainly, to oblige you," said Mr. Bartlett, and made the note.

Mrs. Archbold looked rather discomposed at that.

"And now, gentlemen," said Alfred, "since Mrs. Archbold has had a private interview, which I see she has abused to poison your mind against me, I claim as simple justice a private interview to disabuse you."

"You are the first patient ever told me to walk out of my own drawing-room," said Mrs. Archbold, rising white with ire and apprehension, and sweeping out of the room.

By this piece of female petulance she gave the enemy a point in the game; for, if she had insisted on staying, Mr. Bartlett was far too weak to have dismissed her. As it was, he felt shocked at Alfred's rudeness: and so small a thing as justice did not in his idea counterbalance so great a thing as discourtesy; so he listened to Alfred's tale with the deadly apathy of an unwilling hearer. "Pour on: I will endure," as poor Lear says.

As for Dr. Terry, he was pictorial, but null; effete; emptied of brains by all-scooping Time. If he had been detained that day at Drayton House, and Frank Beverley sent back in his place to Whitehall, it would have mattered little to him, less to the nation, and nothing to mankind.

At last Mr. Bartlett gave Alfred some hopes he was taking in the truth; for he tore a leaf out of his memorandum-book, wrote on it, and passed it to Dr. Terry. The ancient took it with a smile, and seemed to make an effort to master it, but failed; it dropped simultaneously from his finger and his mind.

Not a question was put to Alfred; so he was fain to come to an end; he withdrew suddenly, and caught Mrs. Archbold at the keyhole. "Noble adversary!" said he, and stalked away, and hid himself hard by: and no sooner did the inspectors come out, and leave the coast clear, than he darted in and looked for the paper Mr. Bartlett had passed to Dr. Terry.

He found it on the floor: and took it eagerly

up; and full of hope, and expectation, read these words:

WHAT IS THE NAME OF THE STUFF THE MATRON'S GOWN IS MADE OF? I SHOULD LIKE TO BUY MRS. BARTLETT ONE LIKE IT.

Alfred stood and read this again, and again: he searched for some hidden symbolical meaning in the words. High-minded, and deeply impressed with his own wrongs, he could not conceive a respectable man, paid fifteen hundred a year to spy out wrongs, being so heartless hard as to write this single comment during the earnest recital of a wrong so gigantic as his. Poor Alfred learned this to his cost, that to put small men into great places is to create monsters. When he had realised the bitter truth, he put the stony-hearted paper in his pocket, crept into the yard, and sat down, and, for all he could do, scalding tears ran down his cheeks.

"Homunculi quanti sunt!" he sobbed; "homunculi quanti sunt!"

Presently he saw Dr. Terry come wandering towards him alone. The Archbold had not deigned to make him safe; senectude had done that. Alfred, all heart-sick as he was, went to the old gentleman out of veneration for the outside of his head—which was Shakespearian—and pity for his bodily infirmity; and offered him an arm. The doctor thanked him sweetly, and said, "Pray young man have you anything to communicate?"

Then Alfred saw that the ancient man had already forgotten his face, and so looking at him with that rare instrument of official inspection, the naked eye, had seen he was sane; and consequently taken him for a keeper.

How swiftly the mind can roam, and from what a distance gather the materials of a thought! Flashed like lightning through Alfred's mind this line from one of his pets, the Greek philosophers:

ΚΑΙ ΤΟΥΤΟ ΜΕΓΙΣΤΗΣ ΕΣΤΙ ΤΕΧΝΗΣ ΑΓΑΘΗ ΠΟΙΕΙΝ ΤΑ ΚΑΚΑ.

"And this is the greatest stroke of art, to turn an evil into a good."

Now the feebleness of this aged Inspector was an evil: the thing then was to turn it into a good. Shade of Plato behold how thy disciple worked thee! "Sir," said he, sinking his voice mysteriously, "I have: but I am a poor man; you won't say I told you: it's as much as my place is worth."

"Confidence, strict confidence," replied Nestor, going over beaten tracks; for he had kept many a queer secret with the loyalty which does his profession so much honour.

"Then, sir, there's a young gentleman confined here, who is no more mad than you and I; and never was mad."

"You don't say so."

"That I do, sir: and they know they are doing wrong, sir: for they stop all his letters to the Commissioners; and that is unlawful, you know. Would you like to take a note of it all, sir?"

The old fogie said he thought he should, and

groped vaguely for his note-book : he extracted it at last like a loose tooth, fumbled with it, and dropped it : Alfred picked it up fuming inwardly.

The ancient went to write, but his fingers were weak and hesitating, and by this time he had half forgotten what he was going to say. Alfred's voice quavered with impatience ; but he fought it down, and offered as coolly as he could to write it for him : the offer was accepted, and he wrote down in a feigned hand, very clear,

"Drayton House, Oct. 5. A sane patient, Alfred Hardie, confined here from interested motives. Has written four letters to the Commissioners, all believed to be intercepted. Communicated to me in confidence by an attendant in the house. Refer to the party himself, and his correspondence with the Commissioners from Dr. Wycherley's : also to Thomas Wales, another attendant ; and to Dr. Wycherley : also to Dr. Eskell and Mr. Abbott, Commissioners of Lunacy."

After this stroke of address Alfred took the first opportunity of leaving him, and sent Frank Beverley to him.

Thus Alfred, alarmed by the hatred of Mrs. Archbold, and racked with jealousy, exerted all his intelligence and played many cards for liberty. One he kept in reserve ; and a trump card too. Having now no ink nor colouring matter, he did not hesitate, but out penknife, up sleeve, and drew blood from his arm, and with it wrote once more to the Commissioners, but kept this letter hidden for an ingenious purpose. What that was my reader shall divine.

CHAPTER XLV.

We left Julia Dodd a district visitor. Working in a dense parish she learned the depths of human misery, bodily and mental.

She visited an honest widow, so poor that she could not afford a farthing dip, but sat in the dark. When friends came to see her they sometimes brought a candle to talk by.

She visited a cripple who often thanked God sincerely for leaving her the use of one thumb.

She visited a poor creature who for sixteen years had been afflicted with a tumour in the neck, and had lain all those years on her back with her head in a plate ; the heat of a pillow being intolerable. Julia found her longing to go, and yet content to stay : and praising God in all the lulls of that pain, which was her companion day and night.

But were I to enumerate the ghastly sights, the stifling loathsome odours, the vulgar horrors upon horrors this refined young lady faced, few of my readers would endure on paper for love of truth, what she endured in reality for love of suffering humanity, and of Him whose servant she aspired to be.

Probably such sacrifices of selfish ease and comfort are never quite in vain ; they tend in many ways to heal our own wounds : I won't say that bodily suffering is worse than mental ; but it is realised far more vividly by a spectator.

The grim heart-breaking sights she saw arrayed Julia's conscience against her own grief ; the more so when she found some of her most afflicted ones resigned, and even grateful. "What," said she, "can they, all rags, disease, and suffering, bow so cheerfully to the will of Heaven, and have I the wickedness, the impudence, to repine?"

And then, happier than most district visitors, she was not always obliged to look on helpless, or to confine her consolations to good words. Mrs. Dodd was getting on famously in her groove. She was high in the confidence of Cross and Co., and was inspecting eighty ladies, as well as working ; her salary and profits together were not less than five hundred pounds a year, and her one luxury was charity, and Julia its minister. She carried a good honest basket, and there you might see her Bible wedged in with wine, and meat, and tea and sugar : and still, as these melted in her round, a little spark of something warm would sometimes come in her own sick heart. Thus by degrees she was attaining, not earthly happiness, but a grave and pensive composure.

Yet across it gusts of earthly grief came sweeping often ; but these she hid till she was herself again.

To her mother and brother she was kinder sweeter, and dearer if possible, than ever. They looked on her as a saint ; but she knew better ; and used to blush with honest shame when they called her so. "Oh don't, pray don't," she would say with unaffected pain. "Love me as if I was an angel ; but do not praise me ; that turns my eyes inward and makes me see myself. I am not a Christian yet, nor anything like one."

Returning one day from her duties very tired, she sat down to take off her bonnet in her own room, and presently heard snatches of an argument, that made her prick those wonderful little ears of hers that could almost hear through a wall. The two concluding sentences were sufficiently typical of the whole dialogue.

"Why disturb her?" said Mrs. Dodd. "She is getting better of 'the Wretch' ; and my advice is, say nothing : what harm can that do?"

"But then it is so unfair, so ungenerous, to keep anything from the poor girl that may concern her."

At this moment Julia came softly into the room with her curiosity hidden under an air of angelic composure.

Her mother asked after Mrs. Beecher, to draw her into conversation. She replied quietly that Mrs. Beecher was no better, but very thankful for the wine Mrs. Dodd had sent her. This answer given, she went without any apparent hurry and sat by Edward, and fixed two loving imploring eyes on him in silence. O, subtle sex ! This feather was to turn the scale, and make him talk unquestioned. It told. She was close to him too, and mamma at the end of the room.

"Look here, Ju," said he, putting his hands in his pockets, "we two have always been friends as well as brother and sister ; and somehow it

does not seem like a friend to keep things dark: then to Mrs. Dodd: "She is not a child, mother, after all; and how can it be wrong to tell her the truth, or right to suppress the truth? Well then, Ju, there's an advertisement in the 'Tiser,' and it's a regular riddle. Now mind, I don't really think there is anything in it; but it is a droll coincidence, very droll; if it wasn't there are ladies present, and one of them a district visitor, I would say, d—d droll. So droll," continued he, getting warm, "that I should like to punch the advertiser's head."

"Let me see it, dear," said Julia. "I dare say it is nothing worth punching about."

"There," said Edward. "I've marked it."

Julia took the paper, and her eye fell on this short advertisement:

AILEEN AROON.—DISTRUST APPEARANCES.

Looking at her with some anxiety, they saw the paper give one sharp rustle in her hands, and then quiver a little. She bowed her head over it, and everything seemed to swim. But she never moved: they could neither of them see her face, she defended herself with the paper. The letters cleared again, and, still hiding her face, she studied and studied the advertisement.

"Come, tell us what you think of it," said Edward. "Is it anything? or a mere coincidence?"

"It is a pure coincidence," said Mrs. Dodd, with an admirable imitation of cool confidence.

Julia said nothing; but she now rose and put both arms round Edward's neck, and kissed him fervidly again and again, holding the newspaper tight all the time.

"There," said Mrs. Dodd: "see what you have done."

"Oh, it is all right," said Edward cheerfully. "The British fireman is getting hugged no end. Why what is the matter? have you got the hic-cough, Ju?"

"No; no! You are a true brother. I knew all along that he would explain all if he was alive: and he *is* alive." So saying she kissed the "Tiser violently more than once; then fluttered away with it to her own room, ashamed to show her joy, and yet not able to hide it.

Mrs. Dodd shook her head sorrowfully: and Edward began to look rueful and doubt whether he had done wisely. I omit the discussion that followed. But the next time his duties permitted him to visit them Mrs. Dodd showed him the "Tiser in her turn, and with her pretty white taper finger pointed grimly to the following advertisement:

AILEEN AROON.—I *do* DISTRUST APPEARANCES. But if you ever loved me explain them at once. I have something for you from your dear sister.

"Poor simple girl," said Mrs. Dodd, "not to see that, if he could explain at all, he *would* explain, not go advertising an enigma after acting a mystification. And to think of my innocent

dove putting in that she had something for him from his sister; a mighty temptation to such a wretch!"

"It was wonderfully silly," said Edward; "and such a clever girl, too; but you ladies can't stick to one thing at a time; begging your pardon, mamma."

Mrs. Dodd took no notice of this remark.

"To see her lower herself so!" she said, "O my son, I am mortified." And Mrs. Dodd leaned her cheek against Edward's, and sighed.

"Now don't you cry, mammy," said he, sorrowfully. "I'll break every bone in his skin, for your comfort."

"Heaven forbid!" cried Mrs. Dodd anxiously; "what, are you not aware she would hate you?"

"Hate me! her brother!"

"She would hate us all, if we laid a finger on that wretch. Pray interfere no more, love; foolish child, talking to me about women, and it is plain you know nothing of their hearts: and a good thing *for* you." She then put on maternal authority (nobody could do it more easily) and solemnly forbade all violence.

He did not venture to contradict her now; but cherished his resolution all the more, and longed for the hour when he might take "the Wretch" by the throat, and chastise him, the more publicly the better.

Now, the above incident that revealed Julia's real heart, which she had been hiding more or less all this time from those who could not sympathise with her, took eventually a turn unfavourable to "the Wretch." So he might well be called. Her great and settled fear had always been that Alfred was dead. Under the immediate influence of his father's cunning, she had for a moment believed he was false; but so true and loving a heart could not rest in that opinion. In true love, so long as there is one grain of uncertainty, there is a world of faith and credulous ingenuity. So, as Alfred had never been seen since, as nobody could say he was married to another, there was a grain of uncertainty as to his unfaithfulness, and this her true heart magnified to a mountain.

But now matters wore another face. She was sure he had written the advertisement. Who but he, out of the few that take the words of any song to heart, admired Aileen Aroon? Who but he out of the three or four people who might possibly care for that old song, had appearances to explain away? and who but he knew they took in the Morning Advertiser? She waited then for the explanation she had invited. She read the advertising column every day over and over.

Not a word more.

Then her womanly pride was deeply wounded. What; had she courted an explanation where most ladies would have listened to none; and courted it in vain!

Her high spirit revolted. Her heart swelled against the repeated insults she had received: this last one filled the bitter cup too high.

And then her mother came in and assured her he had only inserted that advertisement to keep her in his power. He has heard you are recovering, and are admired by others more worthy of your esteem.

Julia cried bitterly at these arguments, for she could no longer combat them.

And Mr. Hurd was very attentive and kind. And, when he spoke to Julia, and Julia turned away, her eye was sure to meet Mrs. Dodd's eye imploring her secretly not to discourage the young man too much. And so she was gently pulled by one, and gently thrust by another, away from her first lover and towards his successor.

It is an old, old story. Fate seems to exhaust its malice on our first love. For the second the road is smoother. Matters went on so some weeks, and it was perfectly true that Mr. Hurd escorted both ladies one day to Drayton House, at Julia's request, and not Mrs. Dodd's. Indeed, the latter lady was secretly hurt at his being allowed to come with them.

One Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Dodd went alone to Drayton House by appointment. David was like a lamb, but, as usual, had no knowledge of her. Mrs. Archbold told her a quiet, intelligent, patient had taken a great fancy to him, and she thought this was adding much to his happiness. "May I see him to thank him," asked Mrs. Dodd. "Oh, certainly," said Mrs. Archbold; "I'll inquire for him." She went out, but soon returned, saying, "He is gone out for a walk with the head keeper: we give him as much air and amusement as we can; we hope soon to send him out altogether, cured." "Truly kind and thoughtful," said Mrs. Dodd. Soon after, she kissed Mrs. Archbold, and pressed a valuable brooch upon her: and then took leave. However, at the gate she remembered her parasol. Mrs. Archbold said she would go back for it. Mrs. Dodd would not hear of that: Mrs. Archbold insisted, and settled the question by going. She was no sooner in the house, than young Frank Beverley came running to Mrs. Dodd, and put the missing parasol officiously into her hand. "Oh, thank you, sir," said she; "will you be so kind as to tell Mrs. Archbold I have it." And with this they parted, and the porter opened the gate to her, and she got into her hired cab. She leaned her head back, and, as usual, was lost in the sorrowful thoughts of what had been, and what now was. Poor wife, each visit to Drayton House opened her wound afresh. On reaching the stones, there was a turnpike. This roused her up: she took out her purse and paid it. As she drew back to her seat, she saw out of the tail of her feminine eye the edge of something white under her parasol. She took up the parasol, and found a written paper pinned on to it: she detached this paper, and examined it all over with considerable curiosity. It consisted of a long slip about an inch and a quarter broad, rolled like tape, and

tied with packthread. She could not see the inside, of course, but she read the superscription: it was firmly but clearly written, in red ink apparently.

Of the words I shall only say at present that they were strong and simple, and that their effect on the swift intelligence and tender heart of Mrs. Dodd was overpowering. They knocked at her heart; they drew from her an audible cry of pity more eloquent than a thousand speeches: and the next moment she felt a little faint; for she knew now the appeal was not in red ink, but in something very fit to pass between the heart of woe and the heart of pity. She smelt at her salts, and soon recovered that weakness: and now her womanly bosom swelled so with the milk of human kindness that her breath came short. After a little struggle, she gushed out aloud, "Ah, that I will, poor soul; this very moment." Now, by this time she was close to her own house.

She stopped the cab at her door, and asked the driver if his horse was fresh enough to carry her to the Board of Lunacy: "It is at Whitehall, sir," said she. "Lord bless you, ma'am," said the cabman, "Whitehall? why my mare would take you to Whitechapel and back in an hour, let alone Whitehall."

Reassured on that point Mrs. Dodd went in just to give the servant an order: but, as she stood in the passage, she heard her children's voices, and also a friend's; the genial, angry tones of Alexander Sampson, M.D.

She thought, "Oh, I *must* just show them all the paper, before I go with it;" and so after a little buzz about dinner and things with Sarah, mounted the stairs, and arrived among them singularly apropos, as it happened.

Men like Sampson, who make many foes, do also make stauncher friends than ever the Hare does, and are faithful friends themselves. The boisterous doctor had stuck to the Dodds in all their distresses; and, if they were ever short of money, it certainly was not his fault: for almost his first word, when he found them in a lodging, was, "Now, ye'll be wanting a Chick. Gimme pen and ink, and I'll just draw ye one; for a hundre." This being declined politely by Mrs. Dodd, he expostulated. "Mai—dear—Madam, how on airth can ye go on in such a place as London without a Chick?"

He returned to the charge at his next visit, and scolded her well for her pride. "Who iver hard of refusing a chick? a small inoffensive chick, from an old friend like me? Come now, behave! Just a wee chick: I'll let y' off for fifty."

"Give us your company and your friendship," said Mrs. Dodd; "we value them above gold: we will not rob your dear children, while we have as many fingers on our hands as other people."

On the present occasion Dr. Sampson, whose affectionate respect for the leading London phy-

sicians has already displayed itself, was inveighing specially against certain specialists, whom, in the rapidity of his lusty eloquence, he called the Mad Ox. He favoured Julia and Edward with a full account of the manifold enormities he had detected them in during thirty years' practice; and so descended to his present grievance. A lady, an old friend of his, was being kept in a certain asylum month after month because she had got money and relations, and had once been delirious. "And why was she delirious? because she had a brain fever: she got well in a fortnight." This lady had thrown a letter over the wall addressed to him; somebody had posted it: he had asked the Commissioners to let him visit her; they had declined for the present. "Yon Board always sides with the strong against the weak," said he. So now he had bribed the gardener, and made a midnight assignation with the patient; and was going to it with six stout fellows to carry her off by force. "That is my recipe for alleged Insanity," said he. "The business will be more like a mediæval knight carrying off a namorous nun out of a convent, than a good physician saving a pashint from the Mad Ox. However, Mrs. Saampson's in the secret; I daunt say sh' approves it; for she doesn't. She says, 'Go quietly to the Board o' Commissioners.' Sis I, 'My dear, Boards are a sort of cattle that go too slow for Saampson, and no match at all for the Mad Ox.'"

At this conjuncture, or soon after, Mrs. Dodd came in with her paper in her hand, a little flurried for once, and, after a hasty curtsey, said, "Oh, Doctor Sampson, oh, my dears, what wickedness there is in the world! I'm going to Whitehall this moment; only look at what was pinned on my parasol at Drayton House."

The writing passed from hand to hand, and left the readers looking very gravely at one another. Julia was quite pale and horror-stricken. All were too deeply moved, and even shocked, to make any common-place comment; for it looked and read like a cry from heart to hearts.

"If you are a Christian, if you are human, pity a sane man here confuted by fraud, and take this to the Board of Lamacy at Whitehall. Torn by treachery from her I love, my letters all intercepted, pens and paper kept from me, I write this with a toothpick and my blood on a rim of 'The Times.' Oh direct it to some one who has suffered, and can feel for another's agony."

Dr. Sampson was the first to speak. "There," said he, under his breath: "didn't I tell you? This man is sane. There's sanity in every line."

"Well, but," said Edward, "do you mean to say that in the present day—"

"Mai—dearr—sirr. Mankind niver changes. Whativer the muscles of men can do in the light,

the mind and conscience of man will consent to do in the dark."

Julia said never a word.

Mrs. Dodd, too, was for action not for talk. She bade them all a hasty adieu, and went on her good work.

Ere she got to the street door, she heard a swift rustle behind her; and it was Julia flying down to her, all glowing and sparkling with her old impetuosity, that had seemed dead for ever. "No, no," she cried, panting with generous emotion; it is to me it was sent. I am torn from him I love, and by some treachery I dare say: and I have suffered, oh you shall never know what I have suffered. Give it *me*, oh pray, pray, pray give it *me*. I'll take it to Whitehall."

AMONG THE MORMONS.

WHILE passing through the streets of St. Louis one lovely Sunday evening in June, luxuriating in a fragrant cigar and cool breezes rising at the close of an intensely hot and dusty day, I stood under the shadow of a Primitive Methodist church, long closed and advertised for sale, but which was now relighted and opened for public worship. The town was quiet, people were at church; no sound was heard save the caliope, which, miles distant on the river, was solemnly playing the Old Hundredth psalm. Suddenly, I heard a great commotion in the church, much clapping of hands, buzzing of voices, and shuffling of feet, and, to my astonishment, a miserable band of five instruments struck up Hail Columbia very vigorously and discordantly, making the whole neighbourhood resound with its abominable music. A brief silence ensued. The band again essayed The Star Spangled Banner and Yankee Doodle. At the conclusion of the service a vast crowd flocked out; some with baskets, books, musical instruments, &c., and the greatest good-fellowship seemed to prevail during the ceremony of hand-shaking. "Good night, brother." "Farewell, sister." "Good-by, elder," were passing from mouth to mouth. "Give my love to Brother Brigham and all the Saints." "Happy journey." "Cheer up for the Promised Land, sister." "We start to-morrow; the train waits at Fort Laramie; one thousand Saints in all; plenty of oxen, lots to eat," &c. Such were the snatches of conversation which fell upon my ear, as I stood gazing on the crowd of laughing and joking worshippers who thronged forth from the building.

What changes had that old church seen! The last occupants had been Primitive Methodists of the genuine ranting type. There had been no silence nor hypocrisy among *them*; they were not ashamed to confess their sins in public, as I could testify; for I have frequently heard Brother Smith and Sister Jones bellowing forth their sins and failings so loudly to the public at large, accusing themselves of all manner of backslidings, short-comings, infidelities, and—till then—hidden iniquity, that I thought it would be a matter of Christian accommodation

and compassion to call a constable, have them locked up, and afterwards punished in the manner they themselves so loudly called for. The basement of the church was used for tri-weekly prayer-meetings, love-feasts, and other religious observances. Monday night seemed to be the "grand extra night" with them. The basement was crowded with sobbing sinners, who thumped benches, turned over tables, shook their heads, beat their breasts, and groaned, gasped, and shrieked out—"men!"—"lujah!" "Glowry!" "A-a-a-men!" and other devotional exclamations, until I began to think Boreas had lent his lungs to the chief pray-er, and that the State Asylum deputed some few score lunatics to assist at these Monday evening assemblies. These "sinners"—a name in which they seemed to delight—created so much uproar over their devotions, so many windows had been shaken out, chairs broken, and tables dislocated during their screaming ecstasies or groaning agonies, while crowds of unrescued "brands from the burning" tittered outside, obstructing the side-walk, that a meek-looking deputation of "respectable householders, shopkeepers, and vestrymen" waited upon the congregation, and politely gave them notice to quit, with four weeks' grace to rent some other place for their enthusiastic religious outpourings.

Those previous tenants delighted in calling themselves "sinners;" but the present ones ran into the opposite extreme, and claimed to be Saints. Many of them were so much glorified, elders informed me, that they put on their night-gowns and nightly went to roost among their beatified brethren in "the seventh heaven." At what hour these privileged ones descended to their customary coffee and rolls in the morning none could tell, but tidings which they brought from the other world were sometimes startling. "Were you favoured by the Lord last night, brother?" asked one of another. "I was, elder." "And how is sister Jenks?" "Oh, she's all right. She has gone up from the first to the fourth heaven since my last visit, and is now in the fifth! She was sitting beside our holy prophet, Joe Smith."

All these "saints"—clean shaven, rotund, radiant and immaculate—had full liberty to make flying visits to any of the seven heavens whenever convenience suited. No burden of sin and iniquity encumbered their shoulders, like the former proprietors of the building, but they were so light of heart and jolly, that their band usually opened service with one of Labitsky's waltzes, or the grand march in Norma.

There was nothing peculiar in the church itself; but the basement was now used for an intelligence office, printing-press, and general depository of beds, bedding, pots, pans, stoves, agricultural implements, boots, shoes, and a thousand et cetera, deposited there for safe keeping by saints from all parts of the world in transit to the Great Salt Lake Valley.

During spring and autumn large crowds of these Mormon emigrants, or "Latter-Day

Saints," swarmed into St. Louis, from the east, where ship-loads disembarked from all quarters of the Old World. Germans, with long hair, long pipes, fearful beards, small caps, and much gurrulity, sat upon their bales of bedding and iron-clasped provision-chests, gesticulating and conversing: short, stumpy, thick-set men from Holland, in wooden shoes, and small jackets with large plate-like buttons sewed on near their armpits: females of the same countries, perfect fac-similes of "buy-a-broom" women in London—with short dresses, bare arms, wrinkled faces, and heads tied up in handkerchiefs: while not a few mechanics, or sturdy smock-frocked and "navvy"-booted rustics from England, filled up the picture daily to be seen around the basement of this Mormon tabernacle. Proselytes from every nation were Westward bound. Boats for the head waters of the Missouri river were heavily freighted with candidates for the "promised land," while brothers and elders industriously pushed about in all directions, advising, counselling, and arranging for the long trip across the plains.

Ever bent on the acquisition of knowledge, I frequently strolled into these head-quarters of Mormonism, and entered into social chat with various brethren present; but could never elicit positive information regarding their religious, political, or social organisation. All seemed to be profound mystery. Men, for the most part, were pale-faced, long-haired, bright twinkling-eyed enthusiasts and dreamers, who knew nothing definite of Mormonism save what they had caught from rhapsodical descriptions, and sophistical discourses of raving emissaries scattered through Europe, but all agreed that it was "a patriarchal system," which, though dead for many centuries, had been reinstated by express command of Providence for the benefit of "elected saints," through the instrumentality of their prophet, Joe Smith. Of material, worldly prosperity, and "the divine institution of plurality in wives," they spoke largely, and with much enthusiasm. These two subjects seemed the all-absorbing ambition of their lives; hence it did not at all surprise me to find that the first and only things seriously considered in all outfits for the "promised land," were large supplies of beds, blankets, and pillows!

At the close of a long discussion on the morality of their views, which, though young, I maintained against them with some success, I whispered into the ear of an interesting young wife, upon the point of departing with her husband, "And what do you think of the plurality of wives?" Her face instantly coloured with indignation as she replied, promptly and haughtily, "I should like to see him try it, when he gets there, that's all!"

As my tour of observation on the Western Continent included the Mormon country, I sought the first available opportunity to prosecute my travels; and, after some negotiation, effected arrangements with a government train proceeding to Utah Territory and beyond. We started from Westport, Missouri,

with ten waggons of eight mules each, exclusive of spare animals, and some dozen saddle-horses, which made a very pleasant and safe party for traversing many hundreds of miles of prairie, and sufficiently strong to resist any red-skinned gentlemen who might wish to molest us, or lay violent hands on government property.

Of our travels over that vast expanse of territory, of the numerous and fragrant wild flowers carpeting our route for miles; of floating waggons over streams; of "break downs;" buffalo hunts on a small scale; of Indians met with on our line of travel; night alarms; scarcity of wood and water; deaths and burials in our party, &c.; of all these things I cannot now speak, but return to the "Saints," and of observations made among them, during a brief but instructive sojourn of two short weeks in the Great Salt Lake Valley of Utah.

Clouds, and long lines of dust, daily ascending over the wide expanse of ocean-like prairie, told us that rapid as had been our journey, we had scarcely overtaken the vast spring train, which, a few miles distant, seemed like a black and endless snake crawling through the grass. It was our grand object to get into Salt Lake City sooner than any of the advance-guard of the other trains, and secure accommodations; or otherwise we should have to lodge in the streets, or be compelled to camp out. We knew that their passage through the mountains would be long and tedious, and therefore whipped up our mules, and travelled far into the night so as to gain a fair start of every one.

We had not proceeded far before we met a large deputation of saints from the city, who, with bands of music and waggons of fresh provisions, had already come more than fifty miles to meet the coming train. This was a usual practice with them. Without giving any notice whatever, parties of the saints usually went forth to meet any large body of proselytes advancing; and, staying in the mountain passes, screened from view until the trains approached, suddenly opened heavy batteries of brass bands upon them, which made hills and mountains re-echo again with their boisterous sounds. To weary travellers, many indeed fresh from a toilsome journey of several thousand miles, the distant sounds of music fell upon the ear like a welcome from angelic spirits, while the sudden appearance of men on horseback with flags and banners flying in the wind, sent a thrill of joy into every heart.

These deputations had many objects in view. They first ascertained what the train contained, and opened negotiations for purchasing goods, without informing sellers of the latest market prices, or possible demand: they could also scrutinise all new comers, and make engagements for labourers or artisans; dispose of clothing, fresh provisions, or whatever else their waggons contained, and be the first in the market to invite settlement in their various districts, and, to dispose of lands. But many of these apparently disinterested saints had other objects in view; if they discovered prepossessing females un-

encumbered, they would immediately proffer homes to them, and thus enrich or enlarge their harems to any extent, with the cream of the market.

When we arrived near the city the train was halted and camped some two miles out; chiefs of the party, with myself, trotting into town. It was like all American Western-border cities, and looked as if it might have sprung up in a single night, like a mushroom. The streets were wide, and crossed each other at right angles. Except some few buildings of brick and stone, the majority were of wood, and all betokened industry and comfort.

"I'm going to introduce you to Elder Flipper," said my friend. "He keeps some sort of hotel. I would advise you to ask but few questions, to govern your eyes and ears; not to laugh at, or find fault with, anything which may appear strange, and I guess you'll find comfortable lodgings there."

"There it is," said my friend, as we rode up to a square wooden building of two stories, standing in a wilderness of uncultivated garden on a dozen wooden props, with a verandah on three sides, with green blinds. I read on a poorly painted signboard, "Promised Land Hotel, by H. Flipper. Wines, Liquors, and Cigars." We tied up our horses and walked in. After a few moments of conversation with Flipper, my friend left me alone, and mine host began boring me with questions about things "in the States." I gave him two newspapers, and, mounting his spectacles, he was soon lost in their perusal. H. Flipper, Esq., "Elder of the Mormon Church, proprietor of the 'Promised Land,' and Justice of the Peace," was a short, thick-set, flabby-looking person, five feet five in height, given to obesity, and about forty-five years of age. His face was round, pock-marked, and large—the mouth particularly so. With little hair on his head, and face clean shaven (once a week), he sat rocking himself in the arm-chair, scratching his head, and squirting tobacco-juice into the empty fireplace, grunting over the news with great content and complacency. His body was large, and legs so small, that sitting curled up in the chair, he looked like a large turtle turned on end. It seemed impossible to me that any woman in creation could have seen anything in him to admire; yet, if rumour spoke truly, he was the happy ruler of a household consisting of three children, and not less than five wives. The "hotel" seemed a wilderness of scantily-furnished rooms; no apartment could boast of more furniture than a wooden bedstead, indifferent bedding, one chair, a table, wash-bowl, and towel; and although the passages and staircase were clean, the close rooms smelt damp and mouldy, as if the old establishment had seldom received a thorough cleansing. "Here, Nina!" shouted Flipper. "Show this gentleman to—to No. 10; it is near my own apartments, and as you are a little deaf, it will suit exactly."

A greasy-looking German girl appeared at the summons, and meekly said: "Vy not de udder

vooman help? I vash and cook, and dey ish not goot as me."

To pacify his rising feelings, Flipper went into the bar, took a "big drink," and went forth waddling to the kitchen. "Here, look here, some of you women; come up here and make yourself useful. Here, Rachel, lend Nina a hand."

After much grumbling, Rachel and Nina carried up my saddle-bags and bundles to No. 10, slammed the door in great anger, and went into Flipper's room, next to mine, relieving their feelings with a long outburst of anger.

"What next, I wonder!" I could distinctly hear Rachel indignantly exclaim; "are we to be all cart-horses? It wasn't so before that little minx Emily was brought home! His 'dear Emily,' indeed. She can be the 'fine lady,' and dress and galivant about, or play with that sewing-machine in the parlour, while we are scrubbing, and washing, and toiling every day worse than niggers. Lace-worked borders to her petticoats, too!—well, it won't last long." Rachel began to cry, and sobbed out, "I wish I was in England again out of this wretched place. I wish I had died on the road—that I do!" "Dat ish vat I say—ve works all de day, and ish never tanked; while dat udder young voomans does nuttings but combs her hair, and lies on de sofa, rollin' her eyes about, and laughing mit de young mens—I too vish I vas in Sharmany! Dere ish some vone vhat call Rachel." "Oh, let Margaret and Lizzie get dinner; I ain't going to touch a thing to-day." She had scarcely spoken, when I heard some hard-breathing person stride along the passage, and push open the door. "Ain't you two good-for-nothing gals ever coming down stairs?" asked the squeaking, cracked voice of Margaret, as she panted and gasped out her words. "What next, I wonder—it's near one o'clock, and no taters peeled, or cabbage boiled—I'll let you know who's going to be misses here! There's one lady too many in the house already; but if you're going to eat bread you must earn it; that you shall; come down *directly*." Amid these angry words and sobs, Flipper broke in, "St-i-lence, you women, and get down stairs quick, or I'll make you, you quarrelsome cats!"

The women had gone. Flipper opened my door and looked in. "Asleep," he said, and retired. After some time, I went below and found Mr. Flipper in the parlour, who, with radiant face, was playing gallant to a gaily-attired young woman lying full length on the sofa. Although her feet were exposed, she made no effort to cover them, but played with a palm-leaf fan in the most approved manner. This was Emily. She rose and left the room, having previously bestowed upon the enraptured Flipper a sounding kiss. I was reading at the window; and, drawing his chair close to mine, the host opened his heart to me thus: "Ah, my young friend, I'm glad to hear you have such a liking for the Mormons, and desire to be fully informed, for you see, in this

wicked and bigoted world, just men following the laws of God cannot expect to receive a fair hearing. The 'system,' my young friend, is exactly suited to the wants of man, and works to a charm, as you'll see if you stay in Utah long. I was a lawyer, myself, in Waterloo, Illinois, when I first heard of the 'Latter-Day Saints' at Nauvoo, and I never had an hour's true peace until I joined them, and now see how well I'm fixed! I have no servants—my wives do all that, and everything goes on smoothly and easily like wheels in a clock. I was married to Margaret, my First, twenty years before I became a Saint. When I went to Nauvoo she began to get weak, and I took Lizzie to wife, in order to assist in the household. She was young, it is true, but then that was all the better, because she could work. I had offspring by her. She and Margaret began to quarrel; so, when we came to Utah a few years ago, I met with Nina, a German lass, and took her to wife. She has proved a capital work-girl, and assisted matters wonderfully in a hotel and boarding-house which I then started."

I ventured to remark that he might have been contented with this number of wives, and stopped at Nina. But he did not heed my interruption.

"Going out with some of the brethren to meet a long train," he continued, "and to get a few things cheap, I saw Rachel, and, like Jacob of old, saw her but to love her. But in all these and such like transactions, I consulted the Lord, and in a vision was commanded to take Rachel to wife. She refused for a long time, and treated me unkindly; but brethren advised and told her how wicked it was in woman to oppose the commands of God directly given in a vision. She consented, and I was happy—supremely happy. This continued; all my wives worked hard for the common good, and we prospered in the Lord, until one day a party of Gentiles on their way to the States stopped at my house, since which time Rachel has never been the same. I groaned and complained to the Lord in prayer, and in a vision was caught up to the first heaven, where I learned from one of our departed saints that the vile image of some young Gentile and sinner had filled her mind and corrupted her heart. I did not wish to report her to the Church, but informed her that God was displeased with her frowning face, and that if she did not return to meekness and duty, he would turn the heart of his Elder against her, and that his affection would be given to another. The Lord commanded me to go and meet the train. I did so. I saw Emily seated under a tent—her hair all loose; my heart was smitten, and I heard a voice which said, 'Elder Henry, that is she of whom I spoke; take her to thy home, love and cherish her!' Thus you see how grand our system is—one is in the kitchen, and another assists; two attend to the house; and Emily, poor, young, frail thing, receives and entertains company—she is not fit for housework."

To study still further the workings of Mormonism in the household, I remained until the "second table" bell rang for dinner, and went below. All the wives were present—Flipper at the head of the table, with Emily (No. 5) on his right. All were engaged in vigorously disposing of pork and beans, bacon, corn-bread, and cabbage—the usual dishes to be found on all hotel tables westward of Eastern cities—and, from close scrutiny, I could perceive that, under an apparent quietness, there were smouldering flames which must break forth ere long with terrific violence. "Hen-e-r-y, my dear," squeaked wife No. 1, "I'll trouble you, love, for the pota-to-es." "Liz, hand Peg the taters. Emily, my darling" (sotto voce), "let me prevail upon you; allow me to assist you again with a few more beans; do, my love!" Rachel, Lizzie, and Nina exchanged glances of eloquent meaning; Margaret appeared to be choking with rage; but all dissembled until the meal was over. "Who's going to clear away the things?" she asked. "Not I," said Rachel, flouncing out of the room; "perhaps sister Emily will assist you." "Nor I," added the others; "we are not going to make slaves of ourselves for other folks' pleasure." I know not what then transpired, but, when passing to my room I heard a great commotion on the kitchen stairs, a sudden smashing of plates and dishes, and a tumult of voices. The women were in desperate combat. Flipper rushed to the rescue, but missed his footing and tumbled down stairs. There were sounds of chairs and tables turning over, crockery broken, and confusion of tongues.

This, to some extent, was the state of things in every household when more than one wife was admitted, and, disguise it as they might, bickerings, heart-burnings, jealousy, anger, dissimulation, and distrust, filled the breasts of all. They were there, could not get away, and must make the best of it; for thousands of miles of desert debarr'd all departure either eastward or westward. They had embraced a system which advocated worldly advancement and unlimited sexual intercourse. Services in the tabernacle or other meeting-houses were nothing but practical discourses on the art of farming, or nonsensical narrations of supposed visions, prophecies, &c., interspersed with secular music from the band. Such a community, living on the richest lands on earth, and isolated from all the world, must necessarily prosper from the super-fecundity of the soil; but the system itself is a rotten one. Some households are more comfortable than others; and, when proprietors could afford to keep servants, numerous wives contented themselves with passing the time in listlessness, without soiling their hands; and, from the mere want of ambition and true religion, fast degenerate into dreamers and visionaries, even more extravagant than Mormon leaders themselves.

The Great Salt Lake Valley has been rapidly peopled by thousands of emigrants from Europe, whose main thought has been to se-

cure for themselves a home and an abundance of food. Of religion they seldom thought; their lot in life had been hard enough, and any religion was acceptable which presented few moral obligations or restrictions to passion. The nearer it could be to no-religion, with the *name* of one, the more palatable it was; hence the observer could plainly see that they seldom attended meeting at all except for curiosity or pleasure, and not then, indeed, without it was whispered that some eloquent saint, fresh from vision or trances, would narrate his celestial travels, or hold forth savagely upon the politics of Gentiles.

Where emigrants find abundance to eat and to wear, few trouble themselves seriously regarding other things, for the system of labour to which they have been subjected from childhood has so ground out of them all mental or spiritual ambition, that they have morally and insensibly degenerated into human cart-horses. Hence, in scanning the settlements of Utah, it will be found they are for the most part peopled by classes over-worked and ill-fed in Europe, but who, now luxuriating in superabundance, have no higher thought but to indulge in the degrading instincts of animals.

The system is a monstrous one—volumes could be written regarding its workings, past and present—but it is to the future that they look, and it is for the future that they are now preparing. No one can reside among them who does not embrace their tenets; if he opposes them, or endeavours to shield or shelter any of the many disenchanted ones, he disappears! Without remorse, without fear of punishment hereafter, these saints are bent upon conquest, and the first object in view is population. Isolated as they are from choice, their many wants have stimulated invention, and thus for the most part they are a self-producing people, whose necessities and superfluities are found at home. Military affairs have ever been one of their chief studies, and experiments in all arms are of frequent occurrence. They have superabundant talent: that which was wanting in the saints has been freely paid for among sinners; so that to-day they have highly educated officers, the best of machinists and mechanics; flocks and herds are numerous, harvests superabundant, population fast increasing, natural resources of the country unsurpassed by any quarter in the globe, and all obedient to the simple nod of their spiritual chief.

Philosophers who delight in gazing into futurity have here a subject for their meditations: a vast country, luxuriant and fruitful, of unsurpassed resources and self-supporting, far away in the Western world; a numerous, robust, and fast increasing male population, growing up with unbridled passions, without a moral check—a nation of sinewy, muscular, and enthusiastic dreamers, whose creed is that they are all fore-ordained to happiness hereafter, and whose mission is the extermination of Gentiles. What can be said of the future of such men, the eloquence of whose emissaries is

yearly leading thousands westward, and the word of whose Chief, both in temporals and spirituals, is omnipotent?

NATIONAL PORTRAITS.

THE project of forming a national collection of portraits of great and remarkable Englishmen, of getting together a nucleus of such portraits as were to be had, and adding to them as opportunity offered, was undoubtedly a good one. Hunger for a sight of the countenance of an illustrious individual of any kind, being an appetite strongly developed in all human beings, the attempt to gratify it, by providing a National Portrait Gallery, accessible to everybody, is a move in the right direction.

We shall best form an estimate of the young National Collection of Portraits, by taking a glance round the rooms in Great George-street, Westminster, in which the pictures already collected are for the present exhibited. And let us hope that it will not be much longer that the collection remains buried in these most inconvenient and ill-lighted apartments. The pictures could not be seen to less advantage; indeed, some of them can not be seen at all, either by reason of the dark corners in which they are placed, or through their being so ingeniously lighted that their surfaces reflect the different objects in the gallery with such fidelity, that you can see all the pictures in the room except the one you are looking at. This is pre-eminently the case with the portraits of John Wesley and William Shakespeare: in looking at either of which you get a very much better idea of your own proportions than of those of the preacher or the poet.

The portraits, at present got together, are one hundred and sixty-four in number. The catalogue is arranged on a most inconvenient principle, but one manages to find out, that of this illustrious one hundred and sixty-four, there are twenty-six politicians: twenty-five professors of religion: fifteen authors: as many artists: fourteen poets: ten courtiers or diplomatists: the same number of soldiers: seven lawyers: six naval heroes: six doctors or surgeons: four engineers: one philosopher: one representative of science: one musician: three great revolutionists: two explorers: two philanthropists: and one professor of education. The rest are monarchs, or persons whom it is impossible to classify.

Before we look about us, let us bestow a passing word of remark on that curious disproportion in the numbers of each profession or calling indicated by the figures given above. If with the politicians proper, who number twenty-six, we class Hampden, Cromwell, and Ireton, and if we add to these the list of persons engaged in diplomacy, we bring the number of the politicians up to thirty-nine; an immense preponderance over the other professions here represented. Classing, again, the army and navy together, we find that the profession of arms has sixteen representatives

in this collection, and so we get to the conclusion that the politicians, the professors of religion, and those who make war, are the three classes which muster strongest.

Authors and artists have been generally much mixed up in social life; and this, no doubt, has led to the former in many cases sitting to the latter as a matter of friendly feeling on both sides. The artists, too, have continually, and naturally enough, painted each other's likenesses, and not unfrequently, by the aid of the looking-glass, their own. Hence, the proportion of portraits of authors and artists is greater than that of men engaged in other pursuits. The small number of engineers and scientific men represented in this gallery, is remarkable; but one must remember that under both heads popular development and appreciation have been comparatively recent. It is to be regretted that there are only two philanthropists here—John Howard and Elizabeth Fry; and it is a sufficiently remarkable fact that in this *National Portrait Gallery* there is only one musical genius, and he is a German.

The place of honour in the National Portrait Gallery—the No. 1 over the chimney-piece of the principal room—is given to the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare. Beside it, is a rude engraving of the poet. The mask taken from the bust on the tomb at Stratford is close by. It is difficult to have much faith in any one of these. The engraving is rude and puerile, but the cast—the well-known mask set on a slab of black marble—has perhaps a better claim on our respect than any other portrait of Shakespeare. We *know* something about it. In the first place we know that it was intended for Shakespeare; we know that it was set up within seven years of his decease; and we know that it was placed in the church of the town where he was born, where he lived, and was known. There seems good reason to believe that until Malone had the bust in the Stratford church daubed over with white paint, it was coloured after life, the eyes light hazel, the hair and beard auburn.

The Chandos portrait is that of a very dark man—he might be an Italian, or a Spaniard—a little sharp dark man, with earrings, black hair, and a thin short beard covering the whole of the lower part of the face—not shaved off at the sides as in other portraits. The legend attached to this picture is, that it was left by John Taylor (by whom, or by Richard Burbage, it was painted) to Sir William Davenant, who is reported, when a child under ten years of age, to have had many opportunities of seeing and associating with Shakespeare. The pedigree of the picture, after it got out of Sir W. Davenant's possession, is satisfactorily traced; but the first part of its history is obscure. Altogether, one would rather trust to the bust than to this portrait, but at best we seem to be almost as uncertain about Shakespeare's appearance as about everything else connected with him. A general idea of a man with a forehead somewhat bald, and

(like Scott's) more conspicuous on its height than its breadth, with long hair curling rather behind the ears, with a small moustache and a pointed beard, is our nearest approach to exactness.

If we had only such a portrait of Shakespeare as that of John Hunter, standing so provokingly near the Chandos picture, we might be satisfied. Even this copy by Jackson of the original Reynolds is a glorious study, and puts the sharp clear-headed healthy-minded surgeon before one marvellously.

There is in this room, in which the Chandos picture holds the place of honour, a remarkable arrangement of three portraits one above another. These are pictures of Wolsey, of Richard the Third, and of Henry the Eighth. The portrait of Wolsey is well known—a profile with regular features, and with a keen eager eye, which entirely counteracts the heaviness of the lower part of the face. There is no such redeeming feature to do as much for the gross heavy countenance of Henry, and the impressions left on the mind by the two fat men are, consequently, widely different. But it is the third portrait, which divides these two, that seizes the attention most forcibly. The picture may or may not be genuine. The internal evidence is strong in favour of its authenticity. The restless misery of this face of Richard absolutely excites a feeling of pity. There is almost deformity in the features of this great criminal; the eye and the mouth are drawn up on the left side, all the parts of the face are contracted in an excess of peevish irritability, which is also expressed with remarkable force in the very peculiar action of the small woman-like hands—tell-tale extremities always. The king has screwed the ring nearly off his right little finger, working the trinket backwards and forwards in nervous anguish with the forefinger and thumb of his left hand.

There is a noble contrast to this painful picture, close beside it. The portrait of the Lord Keeper Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of the illustrious philosopher. There is no fidgety uneasiness about this Sir Nicholas Bacon. He is considerably fatter than Henry the Eighth; his face is of a kind of clay colour all over, lips—which are turned inside out—included; and his little eyes have a twinkle in them which makes it easy to believe "that he was remarkable for his apt sayings and his ready wit." It is, moreover, said of this jolly old gentleman, that because of his fat he walked with difficulty, and that, "after taking his seat upon the bench, he used to give three taps with his staff on the floor, as a sign that he had recovered his breath, and that business might proceed." The artist has represented Sir Nicholas with his staff in his hand, lifted as in the act of administering the three taps to the floor. Take the staff away, and change the costume, and the lord keeper would look not unlike one of the three fat men, who always appear like a jury seated behind a counter in the entrance of a French theatre.

In this same Shakespeare-room is a portrait of

Sir Walter Raleigh, which, if it be a good likeness, shows that he had a very sly and unprepossessing expression about the eyes. Indeed, in the account given of this picture in the authorised catalogue, there is a quotation from an old writer, who, describing it, says of Raleigh, that "he had a most remarkable aspect, an exceeding high forehead, long-faced, and sour eie-lidded, a kind of pigge-eie." It would be difficult to give a better description of the hero of the velvet cloak, as he is here represented.

Are there not a few pictures admitted into the collection which are hardly needed in a National Portrait Gallery? As the numbers of the really valuable portraits increase, it will be advantageous to weed the collection a little, removing certain pictures, which neither as works of art, nor because of any public interest attaching to the originals, are in the slightest degree interesting. No doubt the trustees have plenty of difficulties to contend with, first in acquiring good and authentic likenesses of illustrious men, and afterwards in keeping clear of pictures that are not good, and which represent gentlemen who are by no means illustrious. When Miss Blenkinsop, of Clapham-rise, sends to the National Portrait Gallery a bad portrait of her father, the distinguished philanthropist who had so large a share in the establishment of the Picklington Mechanics' Institute, and who took the chair and delivered an able speech on the occasion of its inauguration, the trustees cannot but feel considerable embarrassment in declining the tempting offer, and sending the work of art back to Clapham to adorn once more that commanding situation over the side-board in the dining-room, of which it has been the glory for years. The fourth rule of the institution, which provides that "no portrait shall be admitted by donation unless three-fourths at least of the trustees present at a meeting shall approve it," has clearly not been introduced into the code without reason.

It is to be supposed that one ought, after a visit to this collection, to be able to arrive at certain physiognomical conclusions of some value. Yet this is, in reality, not the case. What a blow, for instance, is administered to the science of physiognomy—considered as a science—by the well-known profile-portrait of Wolfe exhibited in this gallery. What would Camper, the Dutch physiognomist, have said to this facial angle? From the extreme tip of a little mean turn-up nose, the line of the profile recedes, at full gallop, to where the still retreating forehead is lost in the cocked-hat: while the lower part of the face falls away almost more violently from that same point of departure, the end of the nose. The upper-lip recedes from the nose, the under-lip recedes from the upper-lip, and the chin is so small and so retreating, that it is, as a feature, almost wanting; it might be one of the folds of skin about the neck. And this is Wolfe—Wolfe the heroic, the wise—the man whose judgment and discretion were so early proved, that he

was entrusted, at the age of thirty-four, with that great and important expedition against Quebec, in the successful crisis of which he, to use his own words, "died contented."

Another remarkable instance of a head calculated to surprise the student of physiognomy, is the portrait of Jeffreys—Chancellor Jeffreys, the cruel and unjust judge. This cruel, violent, drunken judge, has, at first sight, the countenance of a highly sensitive reflective person, with regular handsome features, and an expression of refined melancholy. Close scrutiny, however, reveals something cruel as well as melancholy in the heavy eyes.

These, however, are exceptional cases; in most instances, the portraits in the collection are wonderfully true to the preconceived idea of the persons represented. Take, for instance, the beautiful terra-cotta bust of Hampden. It would be difficult to imagine anything finer. Indeed, the head is almost ideal in its splendour. This bust of Hampden is placed as a pendant to one of Cromwell, and it is interesting to study the difference between the two men, allied in a common cause. The energy expressed in the bust of Cromwell—which was modelled from life—is so intense that you almost expect the cold clay to burst into action as you look at it. To stand before it, is like being near a loaded Armstrong gun; a steam-engine waiting for the twist of a handle to tear along the iron road; a race-horse held back at the starting-place. To change the destinies of a great country, to convulse it from end to end, and from side to side, seems too small a work for the thousand-man power of such a giant. Hampden's face and head are of a different type. With less of energy than Cromwell's—though with enough too, Heaven knows—there is more of refinement, more feeling. He looks a true gentleman, in courage not second even to Cromwell, in honour and integrity unimpeachable. When one takes with these two the portrait of Ireton, also in this collection, Ireton "taciturn and reserved," the man who was "never diverted from any resolution he had taken," one can wonder at nothing which their united efforts were able to achieve. It would be a curious thing to compare these three heads of the men who headed an English revolution, with those of the chief actors in the French Reign of Terror.

Widely different from these portraits of Cromwell and Hampden, is a painting of the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield, the author of those renowned letters to his son, which were once thought to embody the perfection of (worldly) wisdom. In one respect, this portrait is allied to those of Hampden and Cromwell, for it carries out one's previously formed idea of the man as completely as each of theirs does. Those refined symmetrical features, the dark eyebrows contrasting with the powdered hair, the cold courteous composed countenance, could belong surely to nobody but this man, distinguished in literature, in the senate, and in the drawing-room; the prince of courtiers.

There is—again corroborative of physiognomy as an instinct—a bust of Hogarth in this same room, executed by neat-handed Roubiliac, and a masterpiece of modelling and truthfulness. We want nothing better than this to put before us the sharp mobile, observant, pleasantly-audacious face of the man who sketched the Calais Gate, with the French sentries looking on suspiciously. The bust is placed in a kind of painter's corner, where are portraits, mostly painted by the artists themselves, of Reynolds, Opie, Wilkie, Northcote, and Wright of Derby. There are two rather curious phenomena connected with the exhibition-frequenting public, which any one who chooses to plant himself in this painter's corner, may observe. Sir Joshua has painted himself turning his head away from the easel, at which he sits, and looking eagerly at his model; and, in order that he may not be dazzled by the strong light in the room, he shades his eyes with his hand. This shadow of the worthy knight's hand cuts straight across his face, and is painted with infinite skill; and it is upon this that the general visitors fix. They do not seem much to care about seeing a likeness of Sir Joshua Reynolds, showing what the great painter was like, and having the additional interest of being a picture from his own hand. They fasten upon that shadow. It is so "natural." How in the world is it done? The second phenomenon appertains to Wright of Derby, a portrait-painter of some standing in his day, but very little known at this day; here is his portrait; an uninteresting picture of a not remarkable person; but then it is hung in an obscure corner out of the way, and it is necessary to squeeze the digestive organs quite flat over a wooden barrier, in order to get a glimpse of it; consequently, everybody is determined to see it. There is a portrait of Oliver Goldsmith close beside this of Wright of Derby, which, because it is in a better light, and can be seen without personal anguish and twisting of the spinal column, few will look at. Poor, dear, delightful Goldsmith! Even here he is placed upon the ground, and is slighted by his company.

In a room close to this are two portraits of two distinguished religious professors, which somehow or other are not quite delightful. Here is, first of all, William Huntington, S.S. This personage, who was a great preacher, and also a great coal-heaver, might pass, as far as appearance goes, for a convict, but that he looks too conceited. The vitality and strength of his constitution are fearful to behold, and it is certain that he looks better fitted for coal-heaving than for religious oratory. The initials appended to his name are thus explained by himself: "As I cannot get at D.D. for want of cash, neither can I get at M.A. for the want of learning; therefore I am compelled to fly for refuge to S.S., by which I mean Sinner Saved." The reader would, perhaps, like to read his works, in twenty volumes.

Immediately beneath the portrait of S.S. hangs a picture of a gentleman in a black gown,

and enclosed in a very tight pulpit, denouncing three individuals gathered round his rostrum, whose heads alone appear above the edge of the frame. One of these, an idiotic woman in a straw hat, is gazing up at the preacher in an ecstasy. Behind her, is half the countenance of a feeble personage, much frightened; behind him, again, is a ferocious ruffian, on whom the preacher's eloquence is entirely thrown away. The preacher is George Whitefield, the coadjutor of Wesley, and one of the founders of the Methodist persuasion. His appearance is not in his favour. His arms are stretched out like a vulture's wings, and he seems to be hovering over his audience like a bird of prey, glaring down upon his victims, with a squint and a smile combined, in a manner calculated to fill the spectator with dismay. There is no doubt that George Whitefield, and John Wesley too, whose portrait is in another room, did a great deal of good in their generation, but their faces are not much more prepossessing than those of the field-preachers of our own day.

The portrait of Cardinal York, the son of the Pretender, the last descendant of the royal line of the Stuarts, dead only in 1807, is a lively neat-featured attentive countenance, and a good instance of the difference between a handsome face and a trustworthy face. It is the perfect embodiment of a worldly priest. Close to it hangs one of James Watt, the engineer, and it is curious that as you look at the two together you cannot help being reminded of that renowned speech on the government of the mind, made the other day by Cardinal Wiseman on the occasion of the opening of a certain literary and scientific institution, in which a system of repression and suppression of all the wilder and more fanciful flights in which the human mind indulges, was strongly urged. The cardinal even bids us, when we find one thought, or train of thought continually returning, and occupying our minds in undue proportion, to root it out and cast it ruthlessly away. Advice good and salutary enough when such thought, or train of thought, is foolish, wicked, or unwholesome, but intensely narrow and illiberal, otherwise. Look at that portrait of Watt; observe the man's attitude and bearing; mark the utter distraction shown in the fixed gaze of the eye, which looks without seeing, and say if the man is not the victim of a fixed idea. Think of this Watt pondering over the tea-kettle, and testing idly and listlessly—as a Cardinal bystander might think—the condensation of steam against a polished surface, and say whether it was not a disproportionate train of thought, fondled in the imagination night and day, months and years, that ended in the invention of the steam-condenser?

One is tempted, when visiting a collection of this kind, to generalise. That strong tendency to classify which lurks in most minds comes out with special force in a National Portrait Gallery, and you try to reduce the multitude of physiognomies represented, into something like order. All the heads of

inventors, for instance, should have such and such characteristics; the martial character, again, should be represented thus; the artist type should be of this kind; the poetical of that—but it will not do. You go round the rooms, catalogue in hand, and all your favourite theories are confuted at every turn. Foreheads, eyes, noses, and chins, set themselves against you quite malignantly. But if you were asked what was the leading characteristic, the pervading peculiarity, of the countenances of all the most truly notable and distinguished men portrayed, probably your reply would be, **ENERGY**. The indisputable intellectual qualities of all these men may be difficult to trace according to rules of physiognomy, or phrenology; but that other characteristic—energy, purpose, or whatever else it may be called—is proclaimed on every face, and written in a character so legible that no man can mistake it.

The blackened engineers who drop into these rooms for an hour from the works hard by, and the other intelligent mechanics who find their way here on Saturday afternoons, are probably stimulated by the sight of the self-made men who have risen to the distinction of having their portraits hung in a National Portrait Gallery. There is no doubt that one of the noblest uses of such a collection is to foster a rational ambition. "Here," says the workman, "is a man who began at the very bottom of the ladder, who placed his foot upon its lowest round, and looking up with resolute eye, undaunted by the prospect of a task which would leave him little time for rest or leisure, has mounted step by step to the very topmost place, and got to be associated with those of whom it may be said that they have done the State service and given to their fellow-citizens some boon whose value all men must admit." And so the man goes away (all the Cardinals on earth, except the cardinal virtues, notwithstanding) with one incentive more to active exertion, and armed a little more than before against the dangerous seductions of the gin-shop and Saint Monday.

It has been said that there are portraits even in this small collection which are wanting in interest, and which may in time be replaced by others of greater value in every sense of the word. Sir Isaac Newton is not represented here, nor Sir Philip Sydney. There is no portrait of Johnson, of Burke, of Fielding. Bacon's father is here, but the great philosopher himself is not here. Nay, even Arthur, Duke of Wellington, is not commemorated on the walls in George-street. No doubt all these deficiencies will be supplied in time, as well as others which might be named. And supposing that happy moment to arrive when this national collection shall have room to expand in, would it not be good to negative that second rule of the institution which declares that no portraits of living people shall be admitted, and to have a supplementary room in which there should be a chosen collection of photographic portraits, representing such distinguished living persons as

might be deemed worthy of admission into the company of the illustrious dead? If this were done, and the other portraits arranged with more attention to chronology than is at present observed, the interest attaching to the collection would be greatly increased.

IRISH STEW.

PLATE I.

I AM not, so to say, a very old woman, yet here am I, the last of a good old stock, alone among strangers. I am not a very old woman, yet when my tongue runs on the things I remember, I can plainly see that I am mentally set down as an old woman by my hearers. It is true that my principal recollections have to do with scenes and actors now passed away: so much so, that to my very self I seem to belong to the past, not to the present. Ah! those good old times when I was young! The world was a different world from what it is to-day; and the people that were in it were a distinct race from the cold-hearted calculating degenerate generation occupying it at present. How they can be at all related to the grand old people I knew long ago, is what puzzles me.

The other evening I was tempted to go and witness the performance of the Colleen Bawn, here in our little temporary theatre, by a company of strolling actors, who had managed to enlist a couple of our Dublin stars among them. I was sorry for having gone. The English girl who played poor Eily O'Connor's part couldn't get her tongue round "the Irish words;" she called Colleen "*Cooleen*." She wasn't a Colleen *Bawn* either, for that matter, but a real Colleen *Dhu*, brown-skinned, raven-haired, and black-eyed. Danny Mann was right good, though. But the real Danny Mann—Sullivan was his name—was no more a hunchback than I am. He went to Tralee, where he changed his name, set up a little shop, and was doing well. Yet he wasn't to escape, any more than his master: he was hanged in Limerick, though not for years after the murder of poor Eily.

I read part of *The Collegians*, but didn't care to finish it. Every one talks of its power and pathos, but what is it to the *real* story. It is nothing to that—nothing! All the world knows now that Scanlan (Hardress Cregan) was hanged in Limerick for his fearful deed, and in the book doesn't he get off? The cruel black-hearted rascal! But sure, as the old people in Limerick used to say, he came of a bad breed, and the curse was on them! The mother, Mrs. Scanlan, was a hard unnatural woman. She had one other child, a daughter, who got married to a young army-surgeon, and much as she doted on the son, Mrs. Scanlan hated the poor daughter—her own child. I could tell a queer story about that, but just now I want to speak of the brother. We all know how that mother's darling turned out. With all his terrible villany—and to my mind this makes it the more revolting—he was, to the last, one of the gayest, most rollicking, amusing fellows that ever lived. Often and often I

had to laugh till I cried, listening to Miss Jackson telling about him and his wild harum-scarum pranks in jail. Miss Jackson knew him and all his doings there, for her father was governor of the jail where he was confined. Scanlan led a gay life in his prison. There wasn't much discipline in those times, I suppose, but at all events every one was sure he would get off, for he had such connexions and such interest, and all working Heaven and earth, as the saying is, for him. (Not that Heaven was very likely to interpose in *his* behalf!) There was a sister of his mother's married to a Mr. Smith, a man who had amassed an immense fortune, and at the very time the good nephew was hanged, "Follow my Honour," as he was called, was high sheriff for the county Limerick. As I was saying, Scanlan had fine times in his prison. Nothing but roystering and fun from morning till night, and often from night till morning. He was taken up one assizes, and had to wait for his trial until the next came round. And, among others of his gay doings during that jovial time, he was within one pip of hanging the hangman! This is perfectly true. I had it, word for word, from Miss Jackson's own lips.

Scanlan never believed they would hang him. He ran up the very ladder, laughing and flinging up his cap like a schoolboy—sure of a reprieve to the last! Only for Lord Montague he would have got off, not a doubt of it. I often heard that when her little spencer, poor Eily O'Connor's, was handed up on the trial (some of her clothes had been found, and were given in evidence), a little yellow silk spencer that you'd think would only fit a child, the sensation in court was terrible. But nothing could move or touch *him*. Careless and gay he was to the end! It is a positive fact, witnessed and attested by thousands, that when Scanlan was on his way to the gallows, the horses under the car in which he was, refused to draw it over Thomond Bridge. Here they stood stock-still, and when urged to proceed, plunged, reared, and resisted all efforts to coax or compel them onwards. At last the wretched young man had to get down and walk over—whereupon the animals moved on of their own accord, with every sign of relief and ease.

PLATE II.

I find it not possible to give the exact date of this story. As near as I can come to it, it was about the year 1761. My father's grandmother, with whom he lived at the time, was just twelve years old, at the siege of Limerick, and when she died, not long after, she was over eighty, and he a boy of thirteen. Putting this and that together, I cannot be very far out in my reckoning, when I assume 1761 to be the date of the story.

In the old town are many fine houses, built when it was thought that Limerick would stretch out by Lord Clare's, instead of going as it did. There is Back Clare-street, built of handsome private houses, which were afterwards let and sub-let cheap to lodgers, many of the lower class of tradespeople. It was in one of these houses

that a reduced gentlewoman, Miss Sally Carmody, lived, in or about the year 1761. There was a deal of French money sent over in those times, and some, it was thought, appropriated it to their own purposes. Frank Arthur even, when he was building Arthur's Quay, was accused of having got some. I am quite sure this was untrue, but the story was believed, because, you see, in those days it was thought such an impudent thing for a Papist to build a whole quay! Three times, they say, he was on the point of being hanged, but the Earl of Limerick saved him. However this might be, Frank Arthur, being considered mighty uppish (that was the word) for a Papist, was suspected; and not himself alone, but all who were known to be connected with him. Arthur's wife was better-born than himself, and poor Miss Sally Carmody was a cousin of hers, and well known as such. So she, good old lady, was under suspicion also.

Miss Sally being, as I said, reduced, was obliged to take in needlework to support herself. She was very skilful at her needle, and numbers of fine ladies used to mount the stairs to her lodgings, to entrust her with work they were particular about. One would think there could be nothing very dangerous in this poor gentlewoman. Still, being related to Arthur's wife, she was watched, and she knew it. Above all, she lived in constant dread of a fellow-lodger who occupied the rooms on the ground floor, immediately below her. This woman, who followed the calling of clear-starcher, was an acrid close uncommunicative little body, very industrious, but very odd in her ways. She was what the neighbours called "a bitter Protestant;" consequently she was employed by all the Protestant ladies of Limerick, and was, moreover, a weekly pensioner of some religious society. By Miss Sally the little Protestant clear-starcher was looked upon as a spy, and dreaded and avoided accordingly.

One day, a handsome carriage stopped at the door, and a lady of modish appearance having inquired for Miss Sally, alighted, and ascended the stairs to her room. She had some very fine work with her, and concerning this she had a hundred instructions to give. Miss Sally remembered afterwards, that while she was talking about the work the lady's eyes kept glancing here and there rather curiously. But as this was by no means unusual in her fine-lady visitors, it caused her no uneasiness at the time. Her customer at last departed, and Miss Sally resumed her occupation, suspended during the rather tedious directions to which she had had to hearken.

The visitor's sharp eyes, however, had not gone a-prying in vain. Inside the front room there was, as I have often seen in those old houses, a little room or closet, without any window, only lighted by means of a glass door connecting it with the apartment without. It came out subsequently that the fine lady spy had seen the shadow of a man inside. In less than half an hour the whole street was filled with soldiers, and up to Miss Sally's room they came to secure their

prisoner. They knew he had not had time to escape; they also knew that from the closet there was no second outlet; so when they were in the room without, they were sure he was trapped.

Into the closet, then, they thronged, General Duff himself at their head. But the room was apparently empty. It was without furniture, save a mattress, a chair, and a table on which were the remains of a meal. In one corner was a little heap of firewood, but not large enough to conceal a man. For a moment the soldiers were taken aback; next moment they were reassured.

There was a bricked-up fireplace in the room; and round it they all gathered. At that time there was a tax called hearth-money, and people used to build a sort of wall of bricks round a fireplace, that the inspector might see when he came that they made no use of it. Ay, and maybe when he'd turn his back the bricks would be taken down until the time came for the next visit. However, as luck would have it, Miss Sally really had no use for this fireplace: I suppose it was as much as she could do, poor lady, to keep up the fire in the front room. And it so happened that the bricks were well and firmly built, and even plastered over, and that they reached to within a couple of feet of the ceiling. There was just room for a man inside, and down here, as the soldiers guessed, the poor fugitive had dropped. He had had only a few minutes' notice of their coming, and, catching up a hatchet that was in the corner with the firewood, he had just had time to clamber up and gain his temporary place of refuge when they broke in.

With a throbbing heart he listened to their threats, their cries of anger, their oaths. He heard them asking if it would not be best to shoot down upon him, and kill him in his lair? But General Duff bawled out, "No, no! Not for a hundred thousand pounds! He must be taken alive! He cannot escape us; pull down the brickwork, and he is ours!" Then they set to, and worked hotly, and what with the knocking and hammering and cursing and shouting, there was such an uproar as was never before heard in poor Miss Sally Carmody's lodgings. The bricks being solidly built and plastered, it was not so easy as they had anticipated to tear them away. And when at last they did effect their purpose, their supposed prisoner had again balked them—*how* was plainly to be seen! While they were unrooting the bricks that screened him from them, he, seeing, or rather feeling, that there was no hearthstone under his feet, had conceived the hope that by cutting away the floor he might drop down into the room below, and so have another chance of getting off. With the hatchet he had caught up, he fell to work, the noise he made completely drowned by the uproar without. And some minutes before their object was effected, he landed in the room below.

Instantly the alarm was given by the soldiers nearest the hearth-place. Some of their number

remained above, while the rest hurried down to get into the room below. But here was another delay, for the woman who occupied it, a good Protestant, as several of them knew, and therefore not to be suspected of voluntarily harbouring a French spy (for such they declared the fugitive to be), was absent, and the door was locked. Some, who had hurried round to the back of the house, found the window of this room fast bolted on the inside, and there was no other outlet from it. With a shout they announced their certainty that the Frenchman was still in the house, caught in his own trap! So they called for a crowbar to break open the door, and seize him at last. Somehow, none of them ventured to follow him through the hole he had made in floor and ceiling. They knew he must be armed; they had abundant proof of his energy and desperation; and the bravest man that ever stepped, might well be pardoned for not adopting a means of descent sure to be fatal to himself.

But just as the crowbar was about to be put in requisition, there was a cry of "Stop, stop!" from a female voice in the crowd, and presently a little woman, greatly flurried and excited, came elbowing her way towards them, "Oh, general, honey!" she cried, "sure ye won't break open my little room? I have the key here somewhere—only wait one moment!" And the little clear-starcher fumbled desperately in her pockets and in the bosom of her dress, vowing the while, as well as she could speak, that it was "the Lord sent her back from her errand in time to prevent her little place from being smashed!" Still, the poor creature was so frightened and so confused that it was not until the General, losing all patience, had again called for the crowbar, that the key at length made its appearance, in answer to a despairing dive into the depths of a capacious side-pocket. It was snatched from her, the door was flung open, and the men poured in. In a moment every nook and cranny was ransacked—in vain! There was no trace of the fugitive, and they were completely at fault. The window shut, and bolted on the inside, precluded any idea of escape in that direction; the fire cheerily burning in the large grate, as effectually proved that he could not have ascended the chimney; he was nowhere in the room, yet there was plain to all beholders the aperture in the ceiling by which he had got down. And louder than the cries of the angry soldiers were those of the little clear-starcher, whose apartment had been so unceremoniously disfigured. The would-be captors were baffled—they swore they were baffled by the devil himself!

But the Evil One had had no need, even were he so inclined, to interfere in the matter. The little Protestant clear-starcher had contrived very cleverly to outwit the soldiers. That she *was* odd in her ways was certain, for while every man, woman, or child, except herself, was in commotion on the arrival of the military, she remained at her wash-tub, rubbing away, and listening to the uproar and the blows overhead, as if nothing at all unusual were the matter. There she was,

when the ceiling gave way, and the poor hunted Frenchman, pale and covered with dust, stood before her. She never cried out, or even spoke; she just looked at him for a second, then pointed to the open window; he sprang out, and hastened off in the direction she indicated. The little woman dusted the window-sill where he had left the prints of his feet, shut the window, bolted it on the inside, threw some fresh provender on the fire, slipped out, locking the door behind her, and mingled unobserved with the people in the street.

Whoever the Frenchman was, he was saved. When he jumped out through the window, he made off across a garden, on through other gardens, on into a field where some men were digging potatoes. These seeing him running, and his dress all torn, guessed how it was, and one of them gave him his jacket, another his brogues, another his caubeen, and they rubbed clay over his hands and face, and otherwise aided his disguise. Then they put a spade into his hand, and set him to dig with them. By-and-by the soldiers came to make inquiries, and were sent off on a wild-goose chase after a gentleman without a hat whom they said they had seen running in an opposite direction. The soldiers never found him, and the fugitive got safe back to France. It was not rightly known who he was; some said one thing, and some said another; but from what General Duff cried out when the soldiers wanted to fire down on him, it was believed he must be somebody of great consequence. The poor people said it was the King of France.

PARISIAN ROMANS.

THE history of that group of singular personages, who, in common Parisian parlance, enjoy the ethnological appellation of "Romans" (Romains), and who play a prominent part in modern Parisian civilisation, has yet to be written in full—at least, in the English language. Such a history, however, might not find an unfitting place in our literature, were it only by way of affording that warning which history may be made to convey, in the conduct of nations. It is not the intention here to write anything that merits the name of "history." But a sketch of the habits, manners, and influence on society, for good or for evil, of the curious tribe of Parisian "Romans" may be considered worthy of record, the rather, as sundry efforts, vain upon the whole, have been made in latter days to acclimatise certain offshoots of the tribe in our own country. We may not know them under that ethnological distinction which the Parisian people have bestowed upon them. But we have heard of them under the name of "Claqueurs," or the generic appellation of "La Claque."

The tribe can boast of very considerable antiquity. In the times of the degeneracy of ancient Rome—perhaps even their origin might be traced to a far remoter period were their

serious history ever to be written—they appeared upon the stage of the civilised world as hired “lamenters.” These were the days when inconsolable Roman families hired mourners to follow their deceased relatives to the sepulchre with a due amount of sobs and tears—when red eyes had their price, dishevelled hair received its stipulated payment, and torn garments were remunerated by tariff. It is not quite certain whether, in those days, the last degree of inconsolable despair might not have been bought at its due price, and a frantic mourner purchased, by a pension to his surviving family, to fling himself into the grave and be buried, or burned, along with the “dear departed.” That the descent of these modern mercenary applauders may be traced from these ancient mercenary lamenters, in a distinct ancestral line, can admit of little doubt in the mind of a thoughtful archæologist, when it is seen that, to this day, the tribe still bears, in France, the name of “Romans.”

Mr. T. Sauvage, in his History of the French Stage, attributes the origin of the “Claque” to a certain Chevalier de la Morlière, to whom he gives the pompous title of “First of the Claqueurs.” But the anecdote in which he relates how this strange gentleman vagabond, libertine, and duellist, himself an author, hissed upon the stage, revenged himself by “damning” the pieces of other authors, and was finally cajoled by his enemy Dorat, the dramatist, into applauding Dorat’s pieces, and ensuring them success for a consideration—however true, proves nothing as to the origin of the custom.

The “Claqueur,” first so called, was at the commencement of his connexion with the Theatre, simply a volunteer, ill paid, or paid only by the recompense of free admission to see the play, in return for the applause bestowed. He was usually a friend of the hairdresser, or dressmaker of the theatre. But the thing throve; and became a trade. It prospered more and more. The tribe of “Romans,” humble and cautious at first, the mere supplicating hangers-on of subordinates, the servants of servants, felt their ground as they advanced, increased and flourished. The invading force gradually gained a knowledge of its power; and the power, once established, was boldly maintained. From slaves, the “Romans” rose to be masters—masters of the position, masters of the stage, masters of the managers, authors, artists. A guerilla warfare was carried on for some time with the public. But the “Romans,” whose supremacy was no longer professionally disputed, held their heads too high to have their sceptre ravished from them by such vulgar disaffection as the opposition of public voices. After some bitter struggles, the “Romans” triumphed. The field of battle was their own; and it has remained theirs ever since. To this day, there are rare occasions when the public makes a weak show of fight against its old enemy, the “Claque.” But these petty émeutes are regarded with contempt by “Romans” as poor revolutionary outbreaks of low conspirators. The public is crushed by the one igno-

minious term “cabale,” much after the same fashion as in early days of English reform, a recalcitrant Liberal was assailed by Tory tongues with the conclusive epithets of “Atheist and Radical.”

No parallel can be found to the elevation of the “Romans” except in the rise of the family of Rothschild, from the poor hawker Anselm, to an allied power swaying the destinies of Europe. What had been a mere peddling trade became a profession, openly professed. As in the parallel case, a grander name was to be found. The designation of “Claqueur,” which had long been coarsely used in vulgar mouths, was disdained. The “Claqueur” now called himself an “Entrepreneur de Succès Dramatiques.”

Not many years ago, the law reports of the daily Parisian papers published in detail a regularly drawn-up document, by which it appeared that a “success-contractor,” as the plaintiff styled himself, had entered into an engagement with the manager of one of the first theatres in Paris to supply him with a certain quantity of successes, for a certain number of pieces, in return for stipulated and duly ceded prerogatives, privileges, and advantages. These advantages consisted, principally, but by no means exclusively, of a certain number of tickets given to him *every night*, for his own disposal and profit; of the *whole pit* upon first representations; of so many boxes and stalls, and other little pickings, too numerous to mention. On his part, the dramatic success-contractor agreed to provide a certain number of men “decently dressed” to applaud, and also to be present himself, in order to direct the when, where, and how, of the applause to be bestowed—also to attend all the rehearsals of new pieces, to arrange with the author the points where the applause was to be introduced, and finally to come to the manager’s room, when required, to consult with him as to what actors, and, more especially, what *actresses*, were to be particularly applauded and supported. This extraordinary contract, so degrading to art, honour, and truth, was looked upon as a strictly legal document.

The tribe is enrolled in various regiments, one of which is attached to every theatre in Paris. Each regiment is commanded by a chief—a superior officer—a general—not only in his own esteem, but in occasional parlance. He calls himself, “Entrepreneur de Succès Dramatiques en Chef.” The vulgar public call him “Chef de Claque.” To his person are attached inferior officers, as adjutants, who are regularly employed “upon the staff.” In their various capacities, they all command the great herd, the common soldiers of the regiment, the well-drilled privates of—if the ignominious term must be used—“la claque.” Besides the main body, however, which, with its commanding officer, takes up its aggressive position in the pit of the theatre, there are a variety of allied troops, less recognised by the enemy, the public, who are disposed about the house as outstanding pickets. Their titles are as extra-

ordinary as their functions are various. The "Rieur," employed for farces, is a common-place individual. The profession of "laughter" is not a difficult one; it is easily filled, and is poorly remunerated. But the "Moucheur," or blower of the nose, and flourisher of the pocket-handkerchief at a new pathetic play, is looked upon as a somewhat superior officer. Still higher stands the "Sangloteur," or sobber, whose business is sufficiently indicated by the designation, and whose effects have to be studied with considerable care. But few rank higher than the "Pâmeuse." This is the name of the female (generally posted in the first boxes) who undertakes a fainting-fit, or convulsions *ad libitum*—in other words, "qui se pâme" at critical moments. If she provide for the night a "toilette sans reproche," an embroidered pocket-handkerchief, and a jewelled smelling-bottle, her price rises accordingly. As a general rule, she is paid in proportion to the sympathy that her elegance, and the weakness of her nerves, at the tragic scene, excite.

To show that these revelations of the manners and customs of the "Romans" are not merely jocular, but are stated in earnest, reference need only be made to a scene which, according to the reports of the Parisian papers, took place, not very long ago, in a Parisian court of justice. A female witness was asked by the judge the customary question, "What is your profession?" "Monsieur le juge," was her answer, "je m'évanouis" (I faint). The compassionate judge, thinking she was then and there about to swoon from emotion, ordered a glass of water to be presented to the astonished lady. The question as to her profession was then again repeated. The same answer, "Monsieur le juge, je m'évanouis," "You don't mean to say *that* is your profession?" exclaimed the judge, now getting angry. "Unquestionably, monsieur le juge," she replied. An explanation followed, and it came out that she was a theatrical pâmeuse.

Another variety of skirmisher employed on special and important occasions, is the "Interlocuteur," or "Interrupteur," who was only in latter years employed in the army of "Romans." This ally represents a very innocent individual, who, led away by the excitement of the drama represented, is supposed to take it all for natural, and who apostrophises the villain, or wicked persecutor. The interrupteur is generally turned out of his box, hustled, captured, and led away by confederate policemen, laughing in their sleeves. But the performance of his little scene is usually crowned with a great success—for the piece! Not too often used, the interrupteur generally carries the day in favour of the "Roman" cause on doubtful occasions. But another ally, still more seldom placed on active service, is the "Siffleur." The "hisser" of a piece, if he chooses the exact moment of a turn in the minds of the audience favourable to the new drama, is generally received by the genuine public with the cry of "A bas la cabale!" and is ignominiously put down and put out. But

the office of a "Siffleur" is of a very ticklish and highly diplomatic nature. It requires to be performed with a delicacy of tact, and a nicety of appreciation of the very "nick of time," which render it unsafe in any but clever and experienced hands. It is a superior office, bestowed with care, well remunerated, and seldom resorted to but on highly important occasions.

Whatever the leader of the tribe of Parisian Romans may have been when he had not stepped higher in rank than the now ignominious "Claqueur"—and there is every reason to surmise that, in those days, his attire was as shady as his avocations, and his linen as doubtful as his social status—the success-contractor en chef is now a gentleman who dresses well, keeps his brougham, and, in his moments of leisure when not occupied by his literary avocations, lounges, cigar in mouth, along the Boulevards, where he will catch hold of the arm of any dramatic author, who may be one of his "clients"—the very comedy of non-complicity being no longer considered worth the trouble of acting—and will talk over with him the progress, or presumed effect, of his new piece. He considers himself a very important collaborateur. In this respect his vanity is fostered by the fact, that, under some circumstances, the manuscript of a new piece is placed in his hands by the manager, for his perusal and judgment, previously to its being put upon the stage. On occasions of rehearsals of importance, he never leaves the theatre. He pulls out his note-book, and marks down with care the strong and weak points, the scenes to be brought out, the situations to be emphasized, the passages to be encored, the exits and entrances to be peculiarly favoured, and the dangerous points to be tenderly nursed. He never scruples to give his advice to author and manager, or to suggest changes and "cuts;" and he is much affronted if not listened to. When the morning of the great general rehearsal arrives, he summons his troops, gets into an upper box in the centre of the house, draws out his opera-glass and his note-book, and arranges his plan of battle for the important evening. He generally disposes a square battalion in the centre of the pit, a dozen or more of sharpshooters at each flank, a moucheur or two, particularly well dressed, in the stalls, a sangloteur in the balcon, a few choice spirits in the gallery, and—in the case of a doubtful melodrama—an interrupter in the upper boxes.

On the occasion of a first representation, the contractor is in all his glory as general-in-chief. He has already drilled the troops under his command; and he now monopolises the whole direction of the battle. He disdains to shirk the responsibility of being in the midst of the mêlée, and takes his position in the centre of his forces in the pit, with an aide-de-camp on either side, to whom he occasionally condescends to address a few remarks. Look down from the amphitheatre or balcony, and you will see the compact mass of the Roman army, distinguishable by a certain precision of manner, an official rigidity

of bearing, an indescribable air of having come for business, not for amusement. The general may be recognised at a glance, by his distinction of carriage and dress. When a volley of applause is to be fired, the manner of giving the word of command, is not invariably the same at all theatres. In some establishments, the general waves his hands duly clad in white kid gloves, over his head, much after the fashion of the most elegant of orchestra conductors. The signal is given in three movements—"Make ready!" "Present!" "Fire!" The general slowly sinks his head; the fire ceases; the artillery of hardened hands is stopped. At other theatres, as, for instance, at the Grand Opéra—the Académie Impériale—the general indicates his commands for the various manoeuvres, with a stout gold-headed cane. At the moment when the staff of command is raised, the fire bursts out. But it does not cease all at once. The cane is lowered a few inches; and certain of the troops, according to previous arrangement, drop their fire; again a few inches, and certain others stop; it is lowered altogether; and the last fainter volley stops. This manoeuvre gives a spuriously genuine air to the applause.

The success-contractor en chef never himself condescends to applaud. He only glances his eagle eye over his columns to see that every man does his duty. Woe betide the unhappy neophyte who should dare applaud for pure gratification, before the order is given, or who should venture to prolong his exercise after the retreat is beaten.

When the battle is won or lost—and it is generally considered won on the first night, however it may be lost afterwards—the success-contractor en chef goes behind the scenes to congratulate author and manager, and to receive congratulations in return. On these occasions, he again offers suggestions for the alteration or suppression of dangerous passages, over which, he will tell them, it required all his special tact and talent (not to say "genius") to carry the piece. But, besides author and manager, he has other "clients" to visit, and upon all must be bestowed a word or two. These clients are the actors and actresses, most, if not all, of whom pay their black-mail tribute to the chief. Some subscribe to him for their applause by the year, others by the month, others for one particular part, others "for that night only." All are pretty sure to be more or less discontented, because some pet effect has been not sufficiently "warmed up," some curious grimace has been left unappreciated, some trait of genius has been overlooked, and, above all, because some rival has been better treated. But the Roman general is accustomed to the dissatisfaction of the artists. He smiles, shrugs his shoulders, and retires from the theatre with the proud conviction that glory, art, fame, literary merit, are all his own—all due to him! And so they are!

The Roman success-contracting system does not always save a bad piece from its just fate. A rude public will occasionally hiss dulness, or, in

a merry mood, utterly "damn" a piece by shouts of ironical applause, which drown the systematic efforts of the well-drilled Romans. The public has occasionally adopted another mode of asserting itself against the dictatorial power of the Roman general. It has quitted the theatre by degrees and detachments, and left the Romans inglorious masters of the field of battle. The Romans still applaud to empty benches; and the piece is dead!

The "Roman" government of theatrical matters tends to produce an effect diametrically opposite to that originally intended. It has long since crushed and smothered any expression of real admiration on the part of the public. Men have grown ashamed and afraid of demonstrating their feelings, and of assimilating themselves to the noisy hireling applauders around. The true Parisian never applauds. Moreover, the system compromises the fortunes of theatres, and tends materially to injure dramatic art by rendering all actors subservient for the applause they seek or the disapproval they shun, to a tribe of fellows, who make themselves not only the applauding friend of the artist when sufficiently paid, but his dire enemy, if not satisfied to the fulness of their greed. It tends to lower dramatic literature, by inducing dramatic authors to be negligent of their works, the reception of which depends upon the salaried caprice of a herd of illiterate men. Worse than all, it has nearly succeeded in killing the one real friend of dramatic art, the public. When authors, actors, managers, all bow before the "Roman" sway, regardless of the rights and privileges of that friend, it cannot be long before its decease will be thus recorded: "Died of inanition, the Parisian Public, starved out of the theatres by its enemy, 'la Claque.'"

A NEAR SHAVE.

"It was the worst passage we 'ad 'ad since the 'eavy gales," said the official person who was always seen under conditions of rapid motion, and whose function I heard designated under the character of "Stoord!" Through the watches of the night I had heard that cry borne to me under every conceivable inflexion, even above the fury of the elements; in a key of agony; a key of low groaning; a key of stern suffering, betokening the strong mind disdaining to yield to mortal throes; a key of shrieking despair; finally a key of low exhausted gaspings, more akin to a piteous whine than to any distinct shape of articulation. I need not be ashamed to own, where suffering was the badge of so large a tribe, that mine was the voice in the frightful hold of the Ostend packet-ship that took this piteous passive form of complaint. What was the force of those "eavy gales" alluded to by the "Stoord" as his standard of comparison, I had no means of determining. I did not at the moment care about having the means of determining anything human.

I was going abroad, and for a month pre-

vicious had informed people that I was going abroad, and had been congratulated on going abroad. I felt a natural elation at the prospect. I recollect the ghastly reality with which this boastful elation presented itself to me during that night of suffering. Physiologists—or psychologists is it?—may account for this odd phenomenon; but it came back on me many many times, always in the society of the “Stoord.” Loathed familiar! loathed in every direction, even in the useful insignia of his office! Yet this was clearly but the ravings of a disorganised system, for in his own obscure line he was to a certain degree a ministering angel.

The most extraordinary feature of this malady was, that during its paroxysms I did not care the least for Grace Barkins. That tremendous passion which had been consuming me for months as with a slow fire, suddenly went out. I found I did not care for Grace Barkins; no, no more than if I were at the bottom of the sea. I never even thought of Grace Barkins, and yet two months before—

My father had interfered, interfered sternly, and with dramatic action. He had said, “Charles Alfred, this *must* not go on. This is sheer insanity.” On my remonstrating feebly, he good-naturedly declined to make me morally responsible for my acts, and said I was a fool. I was to put the thing out of my head, and try to think of being a man. It was high time to try and think of being sensible. I was getting old, &c. Thus encouraged I withdrew from the interview. A little gentleness, nay, even a more flattering tone in these remonstrances, would have done much. But as it was, I felt outraged. It was presently proposed that I should travel abroad. I chimed in eagerly with the proposal, simply because I heard that she—may I without disrespect call her the Charmer, or Idol of my Affections?—had suddenly gone abroad. But for obvious reasons I disguised my alacrity. At parting, he, the Blind Parent—I mean blinded—put money into my hand, and bade me *try* and not be a fool. A retort rose to my lips; but I felt a something in me—in my hand I mean—which enjoined me to forbear and *take all* from my parent.

I say I never once thought of the Idol (as I may call her for short) down in the awful cabins of the Ostend packet. But with returning consciousness, and when my tottering frame was being assisted ashore by a humane mariner, the image of the Idol began to return. When I was fairly ashore, or *on* shore, the image of the Idol presented itself even under engaging conditions. From private information which I had received (to use a happy phrase), I had learned that the Idol was residing at a Belgian town, the name whereof is not now of the least consequence. It was but a couple of hours away. I panted to meet the Idol. A few moments’ delay to decorate the human figure, and then I would be ready to meet the Idol. Suddenly the humane mariner, who, stimulated by the manner in which his charitable behaviour had been recompensed, had taken on himself the duty (for which I was in-

capable) of recovering my luggage, came to report that All was Lost—I mean, that he could not discover it. His efforts were unavailing, and again, assisted by the humane mariner, I had to return and try and identify it myself. It was but too true, my Little All was gone: and, under Little All, I include personal linen, new best black superfine walking coat, ditto vest: ditto superior extra milled doeskin trousers (these are extracts from an account with which I was favoured shortly after), with other articles of wearing apparel, and becoming personal attire. The Little All had been left behind at Dover. It was a blow, for the articles had been got with an especial end; that end, I am not ashamed to own, was the dazzling of the Idol. This, coming on the preceding blow—or blows—received on the voyage, nearly prostrated me. This was a moral stroke, the others were more in a physical direction; drawing a line and adding up both, I made a sum, the amount of which I could scarcely bear.

It was a sore discouragement, and I knew not what to do. How was I to present myself to the Idol in my present state of disrepair? for in disrepair I was, both in general tone and physical condition. I was dilapidated and ruined, so to speak, and yet I could not dally at Ostend until the last tourist arrived. I was distracted, for I knew that she, the Idol—but not a bit more than many of her sisters—leaned a good deal on the vile trappings of outward humanity. Hearing the whistle of an engine just departing, I leaped into the train, into the solitary compartment of a first-class carriage. Something would occur to me in that retirement.

I had every confidence in the Idol: she was, after all, not made in the common mould, or, I may say, *of* the common: she was generous, noble. I could not supply the want accident had deprived me of, for I do not blush to own my means would not suffer me to compass a fresh outfit. Such reckless outlay was not within the programme which had been early inculcated into my youthful mind. I took my seat in the departing train.

I noted the conductor, who came round to view our tickets: a man in dress and figure made exactly after the pattern of the favourite portraits of that popular freebooter, Robert or Robin Hood. He was in Lincoln, or, more strictly speaking, Belgian green, very tight and dapper, and had a horn hung about him by what seemed a thick green bell-rope. He had a rough red beard, something like the diagrams I have seen of hand carding-machines, used, I believe, in the preparation of flax, which gave him an unpleasant rasping effect, almost painful. He spoke to me both roughly and gruffly; but I made him no reply, which seemed to fret and exasperate him. He addressed me in his own language, which was unintelligible to me, and I thought it was not unreasonable that I should have the privilege of replying to him in my own, taking the chances that *it* might be intelligible to him. I spoke calmly, and, I hope, as was becoming an English gentleman. I explained

to him my misfortune, and asked him his advice. "Seriously," I said, "I do not reckon on your assistance in recovering my lost property. You have, of course, your own special sphere of duty. I cannot be so unreasonable as to expect you to travel out of your own particular round, but if—"

At this point he rudely twitched my ticket from my fingers, "snipp'd" it with the favourite instrument of his profession, and departed growling what I now believe to be a volley of profane and horrible oaths. I looked after him from the window, and saw him pointing to my carriage in conversation with a brother of the cloth (of the Lincoln green cloth), whose beard suggested also two black carding-machines. They were both laughing and growling together—a curious instance of that combination of drollery and low humour which I have found in foreign nations. I could not forbear smiling and nodding good naturedly at them in return, in order to promote the good feeling which should subsist between inhabitants of different countries.

We started to a blast of the horn of the Robin Hood guard. Alone in my compartment, I thought of my situation. In an hour I should meet *her*, the Idol, face to face; she lovely, fresh, fair, radiant; I unkempt, dragged, dishevelled, generally awry and tumbled, and in a state of ruin. The prospect was terrible. In an absent and reflective way I passed my hand over my chin, and became conscious of a rude rasping feel, that spoke volumes of personal degradation. At that moment I had a perfect consciousness of the squalor, as I may term it, of my personal appearance.

Stay! I recollected I had with me a portable leather dressing-case, which rolled up flat, like a convenient surgical instrument-case. It could be carried in the pocket or in the bosom. It was in the bosom at that moment. Blessed device! Happy forethought! I had seen a diagram of the apparatus in Mr. Bradshaw's useful Guide, and had promptly secured it. It contained a glass, a pincushion, a pair of scissors, a penknife, razors, and a little pot of soap. What could be simpler? I could not restore the beauty of my wearing apparel; but as to the personal squalor, here was a dressing-room with no one to intrude on my privacy.

It was raining heavily. I put back my collar leisurely, I bared my throat, I took out the portable razor and felt its keen edge, I took out the portable glass and took a hasty glance. I was shocked at the change which one night's suffering had wrought. Eyes bloodshot and strained, cheeks wan and haggard, mouth drawn down: the whole, with the effect of the throat bare, giving a wild haggard air difficult to describe. With a sigh I put by the glass, and, in a musing, absent fashion, began to whet my razor on my hand. I would hold the little pot of soap outside the window to catch the natural moisture, and then (still whetting my razor)—

I heard a guttural cry! The Red Beard was

at the window gesticulating. I stopped in amazement. In an instant he had the door open and was beside me. I had forgotten that on these foreign lines the guards have unrestricted access to every part of the train even when in motion. It is impossible to describe the savage unaccountable manner of the man. He even rudely caught hold of my arm and tried to seize the useful article I was preparing for my toilette. I was amazed at his incomprehensible behaviour, and remonstrated in my own tongue without effect. He continued his horrid guttural language, and actually shut up my razor and put it in his pocket. I remonstrated with him calmly, still in my own tongue, but without effect. At last it all flashed upon me. I was violating one of the established rules of the company by converting one of their carriages into a dressing-room. I could not forbear smiling at my own stupidity at not guessing this before, and I assumed a gentler tone.

As we were approaching a station, he got up and left me, taking with him my property. I remonstrated (in my own tongue), but ineffectually. The value of the article was, in a money point of view, contemptible, but, at that moment, it was to me beyond all price. Without it I was helpless, stranded, hideous. He sternly refused to restore it, and even locked both doors upon me. When the train started again, I was conscious of the view being suddenly darkened, and of two figures—Black Beard and Red Beard—looking in upon me steadily. Red Beard was pointing me out to his fellow. Presently Red Beard came in, and sat down beside me. I again demanded my property. He shook his head. I tried to express contrition, if in my ignorance of the manners and customs of a foreign country I had outraged any of their regulations. He again shook his head. His behaviour was getting most mysterious. What did he mean? Perhaps he had designs on other articles of mine; possibly my purse. The lonely carriage, my helpless condition, everything favoured his nefarious purpose. Instantly an idea flashed upon me. I would not submit further to this degrading espionage. I would "descend," to use their own phrase, at the first convenient station, privily and secretly withdraw into a private waiting or refreshment room, and finish my personal decoration.

He had to depart presently, to gather up his tickets. Odious Red Beard! I watched my opportunity when his back was turned, opened the door very softly, and crept out. But in an instant he emerged from a buffet, where I believe he had been imbibing some artificial stimulant, rushed at me, called to Black Beard, who was inside, also I believe engaged with some stimulant, and they both rushed at me. In a second they had seized me by each arm, and had forced me back into the carriage, discharging oaths and profane language which shocked me. Mysterious, unaccountable behaviour! What *could* they mean? No matter; at the next responsible station I would lay the whole case

before the person in authority. This should be brought to a crisis.

About every five minutes, either Black Beard or Red Beard looked in from the outside, in their progress along the footboard, stared at me for some moments, and disappeared. It was outrageous. But no matter. Meanwhile I was still dilapidated, ruined, dishevelled, and dragged. I knew my appearance to be abject and repulsive; and yet I was denied an opportunity of getting into any smooth respectable shape. My little pocket-glass showed me an odious spectacle. At last here was the station. I was to "descend," as they called it. It was Malines, Bruges, Brussels—no matter where it was. It makes no difference in the interest of this narrative. None in the least. All I have to say is, that—O moment of degradation and humiliation!—as the "convoy" (that I believe to be the correct phrase) glided in, I distinctly saw the face of the Idol, with a female friend of the Idol's, and a male friend of the Idol's, standing there on the platform, scanning the interior of the carriages with a scrutinising gaze.

With a spasmodic motion, I buried my face in a handkerchief, to escape recognition. Perhaps I was too late. Most likely I was. On second thoughts I was not, for I laughed grimly at the notion. The squalor and neglect with which I was as it were begrimed, had no doubt done their work of disguise but too well. Ha! ha!

They were scrutinising the interiors eagerly. They were high up. They would soon be low down. Stay. There was one last chance. What if there were some quiet nook, some off-shoot to the refreshment-room, where a wretched hunted persecuted passenger might enjoy, say ten minutes' solitude, and might shave, or scrape, with or without water.

They had turned and were coming down. In a second I had bounded from the carriage. In the shock I rebounded against a Belgian officer in spectacles, who fell heavily. I learned afterwards that his spectacles were broken on the asphalt. I did not stay to pick him up. I was considered a brutal Englishman. No matter. I still urged on my headlong career. Here was the refreshment-room filled with hungry crowds, and here a little to the left was a door. Quietly and without noise, I opened it; there was a passage, and beyond the passage a door. I opened the door, and discovered a pretty little room—a bedroom. Possibly the station-master's; not impossible the station-master's wife's drawing-room, for there were lace and muslin on the

glass, and there was a little girl of about five years old on a stool at the fire, reading a picture-book. A pretty picture of childish innocence! Was ever mortal man so fortunate! No one had followed: I was unobserved: everything favoured: there was a kettle singing on the hob. This last interposition seemed almost miraculous. Hot water ready. It was marvellous. Without a second's delay I took off my handkerchief, threw back my collar, bared my throat, and got out my sole surviving razor. In a few minutes it would be over, and then—

The child began to cry—howl, perhaps, would be more the correct term. I had noted a scared look on the child's part when I first entered. No wonder; it was pardonable in the child. I appalled it into silence by seizing it by the arm, and dealing it a ferocious glance, and then began to whet my razor. Not a moment was to be lost. I got some hot water from the kettle, bared my throat once more, threw back my head, and—The child began to howl dismally once more. It was too annoying. Trying to assume the ferociousness of an ogre—just for the moment—I rushed at it, caught it by the arm, and playfully made passes at it with the razor. At that moment the door was flung open, and Red Beard, Black Beard, men in blouses, porters, women, and passengers generally, all came rushing in. In an instant Black Beard and Red Beard had me each by an arm, and my sole surviving razor was snatched from me. Worse than all, I saw the Idol, and the two friends of the Idol, pointing at me with something like horror.

There is no need to dwell on that painful history. They—*She*—saw me in my degradation, in the full measure of my degradation: squalid, odious, repulsive, in the hands of the constituted authorities. That wretched Red Beard was my bane. He hated me because I had not fee'd him abundantly. They tried to make up some absurd story of my attempting my own life with a razor, in a railway carriage; of my being mad, and dangerous, and afterwards trying to destroy a young child with the same deadly instrument. I did not mind their charges, not in the least. What I did mind was the squalid spectacle I presented to the Idol, who I saw turn away from me with unconcealed disgust. No wonder! *Their* interest and testimony as to my sanity, saved me from any inconvenience: but the Idol came out of the ordeal, changed. She never got over that vision, she never was the same to me afterwards. I cannot blame her.

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